McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919 NO 3

BURNED TO DEATH TRYING TO SAVE LIBERTY BOND

Fire at Norwich Thursday night caused the death of G. Pasqualoe and destroyed the section house of the Potato Creek railroad. The men were eating supper when an explosion of gas in a stove in an adjoining room set the building on fire. The men all escaped from the burning structure, but Pasqualoe took a desperate chance in the hope of saving a Liberty bond and went back into the building. His charred remains were found next morning and brougt to Smethport by Undertaker H. H. Sasse and prepared for burial The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at the undertaking rooms the Rev. Father Donahue officiating. Burial was in St. Elizabeth's cemetery. He has a wife and six year old son in Italy.

POISON IN THE FLOUR.

What is claimed to be an error occured in last week's MINER in the article regarding the poisoning of five at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fulmer in which it was stated that it happened "by putting something in the pancakes in place of soda." Such was not the case, but was caused by using a small amount of rye flour into which some unknown person had undoubtedly placed poison. Those who partook of the poisoned cakes were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fulmer, Mrs. Herman Sheldon and daughter, Marie, and a traveling man, who have now all fully recovered from their fright and experience.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Jan. 9, Charles Temple Bennett and Leona E. Reed, both of Lewis Run, Pa.

Jan. 14, James Edward Kayes of Elma, N. Y., and Augeline Crowley, of Sartwell, Pa.

Deeds.

Jan. 8, Eva McGinley Hamilton and husband to Frank W. Shaubacher, Bradford, $1.

James Devlin and wife to Margaret Korner et al, Foster twp., $1.

L. A. Patterson and wife to Lincoln Green, Keating, $2500.

Jan. 9, Alexander Clemenger and wife to George J. Bertch, et al, Kane, $1.

C. W. Carlin and wife to John Daugherty and wife, Port Allegany, $950.

Minnie Boehmer to Couchetto Ruffo, Bradford, $375.

Treasurer of McKean county to G. B. Mayo, Liberty, $3.17.

Elwood E. Cornelius and wife to Harold P. Thomas, Foster twp., $1200.

S. A. Mundy and wife to Kate Schoonover, Bradford, $1.

Mary Levina Maher and husband to Joseph Timpano, Kane, $137.50.

Jan. 11, Carrie B. StSone to Emma L. Brown, Bradford twp., $270.

Oak Hill Cemetery Assn. to Rebecca Videtto, Estate of, Oak Hill Cemetery, $50.

H. N. Frazine to Emma Frazine, Kanle, $1.

Stella J. Keelor to Elmer Johnson et al, trustee, Hamilton, $1.

Assignment of Mortgage.

Jan. 8, Elizabeth Fagnan to Emma Fitzgibbon, Bradford, $300.

Jan. 14, Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. to E. L. Wares, Keating, $1.

J. A. Nellis to H. J. Haggerty, $1500.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Jan. 8, Emma Fitzgibbon to Rose Scrivo and husband, Bradford, $350.

Jan. 9, Kane Bank & Trust Co. to Lemuel Davis, Kane, $1200.

Kate Helm to Alexander Clemenger, Kane, $6500.

Kane Bank & Trust Co. to Alexander Clemenger, Kane, $3400.

Katherine Wise et al to S. A. Mundy, Bradford, $1600.

Jan. 11, John Paton to Lillian M. Newton, Bradford, $2000.

Thomas H. Kennedy exr. to Patrick Mulqueen, Bradford, $10,000.

George Paton, guard. to Fred. W. Wright, Foster twp., $150.

Jan. 13, Herbert E. Allen guardian, to Philip C. Freeman, Bradford, $300.

Maude H. Malone to C. H. Johnson et al, Kane, $1800.

Jan. 14, Ellen Fitzgibbon, exr. to Lillian M. Newman and husband, Foster, $600.

John Bird to Chauncey D. Gregg et al, Otto twp., $2875.

John Bird to C. D. Gregg, Otto $2352.34.

D. J. WORMER IS DEAD

Donald J. Wormer, well known in Olean and vicinity as a lawyer, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wormer, in that city early last Thursday afternoon of influenza and pneumonia. Mr. Wormer was born in East Smethport and was also a resident of the borough for a few years before the family moved to Olean. He became a brilliant lawyer having a large practice in this section of the country. He was 32 years of age, a graduate of the Olean High School in 1905, and of the law school of the University of Syracuse class of 1912. He had practiced law in Olean about six years. He is survived by his parents; two brothers Duncan and Blair, and one sister, Mrs. Crystal Eaton of Libertyville, Ill.

The funeral services for Donald J. Wormer were held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wormer, of North Clinton street. Rev. John Borton officiated. Burial was made in Mt. View cemetery.

The bearers were Fred Abrams, Clair Alderman, Robert McDuffie, Floyd Seely, F. H. Light and Frank Kelsey.

The services were private on account of the serious illness of both Mr. and Ms. Wormer. Mrs. Wormer is ill with influenza and Mr. Wormer with pneumonia.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Out in a trench a soldier boy lay,
His life at low ebb tide,
There, looking up to heaven above,
Cried, "God, with me abide."

But far away, his mother strives
And Watches for his return
Oh, how her heart does ache and pine,
For her boy for whom she yearns

There, upon No Man's Land he died
Sore wounded and distressed;
But with the comfort in his heart
That he had done his best.

He gave his life that we might live
From Germah domination.
What can we do but thank God and Him.
That freedom was saved for this nation.

Well, at last the ban is lifted from East Smethport. Now for some hard work to make up for the two weeks work which we have lost.

Some of the budding young electrical genii of th High School might set a little practice by fixing the bell in Room C. But maybe it would be better to hire somebody because a new bell would cost more than the help would.

To say the least, we are more than proud of our basketball team. Few if any in this part of the county could beat them. (Oh, we knocked on wood).

Rhetoric Class is now studying The Figures of Speech. From all observations, Dame Fashion didn't make much of a hit this time, for it doesn't seem to interest anyone to a very high pitch of excitement.

If you feel the least bit sick get your coat and "beat it." Not that any one objects seriously to your company but we certainly DON'T want to get the "flu" and have to quit school again.

Smethport will play at Shinglehouse Friday and we're going to skin them for all they're worth.

BLOSSOM.

STOCKHOLDERS ELECTED.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. was held Wednesday, Jan. 8th, and at the meeting the following stockholders were elected as directors for the coming year: Henry Hamlin, Orlo J. Hamlin, Jas. A. McKean, Charles McKean, C. D. Comes, Fred D. Gallup, Ralph E. Burdick, Guy McCoy and H. H. Redfield. Mr. Redfield being chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Forrest. The officers remain the same as previous year.

DRY NATION ASSURED.

Washington, Jan. 15.—Thi 18th amendment to the constitution providing for a dry nation will have been ratified within a few hours, in the opinion of E. C. Dinwiddie, the legislative superintendent of the National Anti-Saloon League. Thirty-of-the 36 necessary state legislatures have ratified the proposed amendment and Superintendent Dinwiddie's report indicated that the necessary six would take action today. Only one year will elapse after the ratification before hooze goes.

LETTER FROM AIBIN J. ANDERSON

The Many Friends of Aibin J. Anderson Will be Interested in The Following.

Jubecourt, France.

Dear Brother:—

Will write you a few lines today. We have received no mail for about three weeks. It has been lost. They have been sending trucks after it for a whole week, trying to find it. Went again this morning so a town about 26 miles from here so we may get some tonight. I thought it would be better to get mail after the war, but it is worse.

We have now been in this little village a little over three weeks and we may be here some time yet. Well we don't have to dodge shells and bullets so we are O. K. Have lots to eat and a good place to sleep. Two of us sleep together. We have ten blankets good woolen ones and when it gets muddy, as it is most of the time, we have high rubber boots so we don't care about that any more.

We are now waiting for orders to move somewhere, without a doubt homeward. The general was around this forenoon and inspected the company and batteries. All of our guns and material are at a little railroad station ready to be loaded as soon as we get orders, which are slow in coming. We have to have pattence in the army. We have done our little bit but no doubt we shall have more to do beore they send us home. Some of the boys are having seven days' leave. I may take mine in the next month about the 15th of this month, unless they decide to send us home in the meantime.

I expect a lot of mail now when it does come. I have a German to whom I am going to send home when I get where I can get some stamps.

Well, we got 17 sacks of mail but I didn't have any in the bunch. Only two sacks were first class. It was quite old. When they find the rest, I sure will have some. One time when we had not had any mail for a week or two, I received 11 letters at once, but I don't expect as many this time.

We are getting all new clothes, shoes, leggings, etc., most all new out fits. We have traveled most all over France. Some parts are very pretty but a lot of it is waste and ruins where the fighting has taken place. Will not be of much value for sometime. Even stone buildings have been carried away or used to fill holes in the roads near the different fronts.

I think we are permitted to tell now where we have been this summer. Well, after I left La Courtine, which is in the south central part of France, we went to the Alsace front near a town by the name of Belfort. Were there from July 5th until July 22nd. Went into the second battle of the Marne at Chateau Thierry on August 1st an dleft August 26th for the Somme front. Were there from August 28th until September 6th. From then until November 11th we were at the Meuse-Argonne section. So you see we have been some busy. I sure was glad when it wa sall over. We are getting a little rest now but we are not satisfied because, now that it is all over, we want to go home. I do not have to drill like some of the boys. Am still orderly for our personnel adjutant and will keep that job as long as they let me have it.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Albin.

Hans Benson arrived in New York on the Mauretania and is now in a hospital there. Hans lost his right arm in the September 29th fight. We be glad to have our soldier hame again.

FOUND

Lap robe on Main street. Owner can have same by paying for this notice. Call at Hogarth's drug store. adv 3w1

WANTED: woman or girl for general housework and to assist with children. Must be trustworthy. Address, stating abilities and wages expected,— Mrs. L. E. Scanlon, Colegrove, Pa. adv3tf

MAN WANTED.

Proposal for Sexton for Rose Hill Cemetery, at a fixed annual salary, will be received by H. H. Sasse until Feby. 1, 1919. adv2w2

TO RENT.

A furnished rooms, laundry and bath adv3tf MISS AMANDA SASSE.

Advertise in the MINER.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN FORMER RESIDENT

The death of Mrs. Elida C. Theetge occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. S. Fish, 30 Tremont avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday morning, death being due to hemmorrhage of the brain. She was about 67 years of age. For many years Mrs. Theetge was a resident of Smethort, her children being born here and living here until about 25 years ago.

Mrs. Theetge has been back to Smethpot at various times but never to remain long, making her home mostly with her children. She had many friends in Smethport who are sincerely grieved at news of her death. The remains were brought to Smethport, Monday and the funeral held at the residence of Fred Lyman on Water street, the Rev. Arthur Gregson officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Surviving are a daughter and two sons: Mrs. Blanche Fish of Buffalo, N. Y., and Ernest and Wade Theetge of Andover, N. Y. B. T. Downey of Keating township is a brother of the deceased. Her nephew, Fred Lyman of Smethport and three nieces, Mrs. Belle Beattie of Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Attie Hanley of Wheeling, W. Va., Mrs. Mettie Sanders of Elkhart, Ind., and four grandchildren also survive Her husband, George Theetge died about two years ago.

KILLED BY AEROPLANE FALL.

News of death of Mechanic R. L. Quinn, of Pittsburgh, former resident of Mt. Alton, this county, in airplane accident at Carruthers Field, Fort Worth, Texas, has been received by Kane friends of the family. Mechanic Quinn was making flight with Lieut. John E. Garbut, of Sheridan, Wyo., when the machine went into a tail spin and fell 5,000 feet, both occupants being killed.

Mr. Quinn was the son of Mrs. Anna Quinn, of Washington, Pa., and was a brother of Miss Margaret Quinn, also of Washington, a former matron of the Kane Summit hospital, who is now serving as a nurse at U. S. general hospital No. 10, at Azla, N. C. He is also survived by three other sisters, Mrs. Scott McEwen and Miss Ella Quinn, of Washington, and Mrs. William Smith of Bradford; and a brother, George, of Mt. Alton. He had been in the service for over a year.

The body will be brought to Washington, Pa., where funeral services will be held on Thursday.—Kane Republican.

HELP THE STARVING.

This is the week given over to raise funds to help the starving Syrians and Armenians. These Christian races should not be allowed to perish off the face of the earth, but such may be the case if the United States does not take a hand and help save the remnant of these ancient races from death by starvation. Members of the Baptist Sunday school who were asked to endeavor to raise one dollar each for this cause are requested to bring whatever they have been able to secure to the church next Sunday. Any amount, if it is less than a dollar, will be thankfully received. Every member of the Sunday school is urged to be in attendance next Sunday.

WOMAN COP GOT NORWICH MAN.

The report comes from Olean that a Norwich man, who gave his age as 41, attempted to make a date with the fair lady cop, which is one of the new institutions of the York State city, and his flirtation cost him ten bucks, much more than it was worth, says the man from the big woods, who is now convinced that all cops, male and female, are the natural enemies of a man who has a fondness for hitting the high spots.

YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED

Friday, January 10, 1919, at Jamestown, N. Y., occurred the marriage of Miss Myrtle May Daley of Falconer, N. Y., and Mr. Daniel E. Bloomster of Kasson. The young couple were married at the United Brethern church, the Rev. N. J. McIntyer, officiating.

They will make their future home at Bloomster Hollow. The Miner extends best wishes and hearty congratulations upon this happy occasion.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LETTER FROM EARL R. BURDICK

Fort de France, Nov. 24, '18.

Dear Father:—How glad I am that they have arranged for us to write "Dad's Christmas letter" and this is the day when we are to write it. I hardly know where to begin. Since it is the beginning of Thanksgiving week I will start by saying I have very much to be glad for. God has graciously spared my life for bigger things I believe, although I was taken away from school, yet these have been great school days of experience. I cannot but think that it has all been for certain training. The censorship has held us to certain restrictions that we could not tell of our experiences, but today for this special letter it has been lifted. Come with me over the sea as we started that eventful morning, May 7, 8 a. m. Old New York harbor was a busy place that morning; tug boats, ferry boats, steamers, ocean freighters, ocean liners and battleships were plowing up the salt water, turning this way and that for our country was at war. We steamed out by the Statue of Liberty and out into the deep blue sea with no other convoy than a large flock of sea gulls. The sea was calm and remained so during most of the voyage. After seven and a half days we landed at Liverpool, England. Our ship was the Aquatalnia. We had a bout 10,000 soldiers on board. Never saw a submarine all the voyage. At Liverpool we took a train to Folkstone, where we stayed for a few hours and then went to Dover and from that port we sailed across the English Channel to Calais where we were given gas masks and sent to drill behind the British lines near St. Omar. Then we were needed down near Paris to keep the Huns from eating their Thanksgiving dinner in the gay city; which we did. From the English front we marched three days and rode 16 or 18 hours, then hiked another half day and then were in sight of Paris. Here we stayed a week and were rushed to the trenches near Chateau Thierry where we camped in that beautiful park that I wrote you about where the fish ponds were. There on the night of July 3rd, yours and mother's wedding anniversary we had call to arms about 2 a. m. and from that memorable night, July 15, just one year from the day we were called to Bradford, we were shelled by the Boche and lost our first men. The Germans then started their big drive toward Paris which ended with a retreat which later became general along all of the lines until they quit. Our first day over the top we lost a few men but never saw the enemy. We were in a woods and they shelled us terribly. I laid for one hour with a gasmask on between two fires. They cross fired on us, one in front and one behind and kept bringing the two together. We withdrew from this and later went over the top one morning at 3 a. m. We were in the town of Fismes. We laid in the town all day waiting for darkness to cross the river. All the time the Germans were knocking the town to pieces with their big guns. Finally we started across the Vasle river, crossing on an old stone bridge the enemy had partly destroyed. We succeeded in getting two thirds of the company across and established a line on the other bank. Here we fought all day until another regiment came and relieved us. I cannot go into details but we had a hot time. Later we were taken from that front and shoved us to the Argonne woods near that great city of Metz. Here we went over the top early one morning and kept driving for fourteen days. It was on this drive that I got my German prisoner. If you remember about the Americans taking the heights of Chapel Chierry, I was in that fight. It was the last scrap I was in. There are many things I have left out because it would take too long to write and would spoil all the fun of telling you when I get home.

I have all reason to believe that by Easter time mother can put on another plate. What a happy time when we all get home again. I am anxious about all of you, especially Ralph. I haven't had any mail in a long time. I suppose by this time you are back in the woods after bucks; if possible save some venison for me. The school I am attending is about three miles from Langres, and about a hundred miles from Paris from what I can judge. I have not heard anything from Claire since he came over. I had a letter from him early in the summer, but none of late. My thoughts will roll over the sea to the Thanksgiving party at home and I know you will be thinking and praying for your boy's over here. I will patiently wait until Uncle Sam says: "Candidate Burdick go home."

I wrote this letter with a German penpoint I found on our last drive.

With love to all, I remain your affectionate son.

Earl R. Burdick.

LETTER FROM JAMES M. ENNIS.

France, Nov. 27, 1918.

Dear Loving Mother and All:

I will now write you a few lines. I know it has been a long time since I wrote to any of you. I am getting along fine and hope these few lines will find you people in the best of health. I received a letter from Blanch the other day and also two letters from you, and was glad to get them. Blanch said that you had sent my Christmas present and I can hardly wait until I get it. Wish I could walk in the house once again and I don't think it will be such a long time before I will. I suppose you people hear lots of news about the war now that it is over. We are on our way to Germany, and are within five miles of Belgium now. This has been a great war. I have been over the top four times and had one very narrow escape. I had six holes shot in the back of my overcoat, and three in my short coat; my canteen was torn from my belt and my hip was quite badly bruised, but it did not lay me up. I am certainly glad that this war is over. How is Casey, Hazel and Papa. Tell Edna that I haven't much time to write is the reason she did not get a letter from me. This letter is for you and Edna. It is getting dark and I must close, hoping this letter finds you all well. Will look for a quick reply.

Your loving son,
JAMES M. ENNIS,
61st Inf., Machine Gun Co.,
A. E. F., via New York.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my gun to keep
Lest no other soldier take
My socks or shoes before I wake.

Lord please grant me with my slumber
To keep this cot upon its lumber
May no peg or guy rope break.
And let my tent down before I awake.

Keep me safely in thy sight;
Grant no fire drills at night,
And in the morning let me wake,
Breathing scent of sirloin steak.

God protect me in my dreams.
And make it better than it seems.
Grant the time will swiftly fly.
When I myself will rest on high.

Deliver me from work and drills,
And when I'm sick don't feed me pills.
If I hurt this head of mine.
Don't paint it up with iodine.

Take me back into the land.
Where they walk without a band.
Where no thrilling bugle blows.
Where women wash all the clothes.

In a cozy feather bed.
Where I long to lay my head.
Far away from camping scenes.
And the smell of half baked beans.

God thou knowest all my woes.
Heed me in my dying throes.
Take me back I promise then.
Never to enlist again. Amen.

Written by Charles F. Luty, Hdg. 2nd Bn. 155 D. B. Jr. CTR. and Paul Richmond, Co. 6, 2nd Bn. 155 D. B. T. CTR., Camp Lee, Va.

SIXTEEN YEARS A SAILOR

Harry Hellman, son of Mr. and Mrs Henry Hellman of this place, visited here Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday morning departed for New York city to rejoin the crew of the transport Henderson, which sails next Tuesday for France. The boat takes over a cargo and brings soldiers back. Harry enlisted when a boy in the navy and has served sixteen years. He is chief boatswain's mate on the Henderson. Next July his enlistment expires and Harry joins the retired list. He is still a young man in the pink of condition. He expects to visit Smethort again in about thirty days, and at the conclusion of his service is coming back here to stay permanently. His many friends were very glad to see him his appearance is a living advertisement that the life of a sailor is a healthy one.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By
IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

I Meet President Van Buren and Am Cross Examined by Mr. Grimshaw.

The days went easier after that. The boys took me into their play and some of them were most friendly. I had a swift foot and a good eye as well as a strong arm, and could hold my own at three old cat—a kind of baseball which we played in the schoolyard. Saturday came. As we were sitting down at the table that morning the younger children going to the knees of Mr. Hacket and begged him to take them up the river in a boat.

"Good Lord! What wilt thou give me when I grow childless?" he exclaimed with his arms about them. "That was the question of Abraham, and it often comes to me. Of course we shall go. But hark! Let us hear what the green chair has to say."

There was a moment of silence and then he went on with a merry laugh. "Right ye are, Michael Henry! You are always right, my boy—God bless your soul! We shall take Bart with us an' doughnuts an' cheese an' cookies an' dried meat for all."

From that moment I date the beginning of my love for the occupant of the green chair in the home of Michael Hacket. Those good people were Catholics and I a Protestant and yet this Michael Henry always insisted upon the most delicate consideration for my faith and feelings.

"I promised to spend the morning in the field with Mr. Wright, if I may have your consent, sir," I said.

"Then we shall console ourselves, knowing that you are in better company," said Mr. Hacket.

Mr. Dunkelberg called at the house in Ashery lane to see me after breakfast.

"Bart, if you will come with me I should like to order some store clothes and boots for you," he said in his squeaky voice.

For a moment I knew not how to answer him. Nettled as I had been by Sally's treatment of me, the offer was like rubbing ashes in the soreness of my spirit.

I blushed and surveyed my garments and said:

"I guess I look pretty bad, don't I?"

"You look all right, but I thought maybe you would feel better in softer raiment, especially if you care to go around much with the young people. I am an old friend of the family and I guess it would be proper for me to buy the clothes for you. When you are older you can buy a suit for me, some time, if you care to."

It should be understood that well-to-do people in the towns were more particular about their dress those days than now.

"I'll ask my aunt and uncle about it," I proposed.

"That's all right," he answered. "I'm going to drive to your house this afternoon and your uncle wishes you to go with me. We are all to have a talk with Mr. Grimshaw."

He left me and I went over to Mr. Wright's.

They told me that he was cutting corn in the back lot, where I found him.

"Mr. Dunkelberg came this morning and wanted to buy me some new clothes and boots," I said.

The senator stopped work and stood looking at me with his hands upon his hips.

"I wouldn't let him do it if I were you," he said thoughtfully.

Just then I saw a young man come running toward us in the distant field. Mr. Wright took out his compass.

"Look here," he said, "you see the needle points due north."

He took a lodestone out of his pocket, and holding it near the compass moved it back and forth. The needle followed it.

The young man came up to us breathing deeply. Perspiration was rolling off his face. He was much excited and spoke with some difficulty.

"Senator Wright," he gasped, "Mrs. Wright sent me down to tell you that President Van Buren is at the house."

I remember vividly the look of mild amusement in the senator's face and the serene calmness with which he looked at the young man and said to him:

"Tell Mrs. Wright to make him comfortable in our easiest chair and to say to the president that I shall be up directly."

To my utter surprise he resumed his talk with me as the young man went away.

"You see all ways are north when you put this lodestone near the needle," he went on. "If it is to tell you the truth you must keep the lodestone away from the needle. It's that way, too, with the compass of your soul, partner. There the lodestone is selfishness, and with its help you can make any direction look right to you and soon—you're lost."

He bound the last bundle and then we walked together toward the house, the senator carrying his sickle.

"I shall introduce you to the president," he said as we neared our destination. "Then perhaps you had better leave us."

I could not remember that I had ever been "introduced" to anybody. I knew that people put their wits on exhibition and often flung down a "snag" by way of demonstrating their fitness for the honor, when they were introduced in books. I remember asking rather timidly:

"What shall I say when—when you—introduce me?"

"Oh, say anything you want to say," he answered with a look of amusement.

"I'm kind o' scared," I said.

"You needn't be—he was once a poor boy just like you."

"Just like me!" I repeated thoughtfully, for while I had heard a good deal of that kind of thing in our home, it had not, somehow, got under my jacket, as they used to say.

"Just like you—cowhide and all—the son of a small freeholder in Kinderhook on the Hudson," he went on. "But he was well fed in brain and body and kept his heart clean. So of course he grew and is still growing. That's a curious thing about men and women, Bart. If they are in good ground and properly cared for, they never stop growing—never!—and that's a pretty full word—isn't it?

We had come in sight of the house. I lagged behind a little when I saw the great man sitting on the [illegible] [illegible] vividly, as I write, the full figure, the ruddy, kindly face, the large nose, the gray eyes, the thick halo of silvered hair extending from his collar to the bald top of his head. He rose and said in a deep voice:

"He sows ill luck who hinders the reaper."

Mr. Wright hung his sickle on a small tree in the dooryard and answered:

"The plowman has overtaken the reaper, Mr. President. I bid you welcome to my humble home."

"It is a pleasure to be here and a regret to call you back to Washington," said the president as they shook hands.

"I suppose that means an extra session," the senator answered.

"First let me reassure you. I shall get away as soon as possible, for I know that a president is a heavy burden for one to have on his hands."

"Don't worry. I can get along with almost any kind of a [illegible] especially if he like [illegible] and milk as well as you do," said the senator, who then introduced me in these words:

"Mr. President, this is my young friend, Barton Baynes, of the neighborhood of Lickitysplit in the town of Ballybeen—a coming man of this county."

"Come on," was the playful remark of the president as he took my hand. "I shall be looking for you."

I had carefully chosen my words and I remember saying, with some dignity, like one in a story book, although with a trembling voice:

"It is an honor to meet you, sir, and



"It Is an Honor to Meet You, Sir, and Thank You For the Right to Vote—When I am Old Enough."

thank you for the right to vote—when I am old enough."

Vividly, too, I remember his gentle smile as he looked down at me and said in a most kindly tone:

"I think it a great honor to hear you say that."

He put his hands upon my shoulders and turning to the senator said:

"Wright, I often wish that I had your modesty."

"I need it much more than you do," the senator laughed.

Straightway I left them with an awkward bow and blushing to the roots of my hair.

As I neared the home of Mr. Hacket I heard hurrying footsteps behind me and the voice of Sally calling my name. I stopped and faced about.

Try the MINER three months for 50 cents.

How charming she looked as she walked toward me! I had never seen her quite so fixed up.

"Bart," she said. "I suppose you're not going to speak to me."

"If you'll speak to me," I answered.

"I love to speak to you," she said. "I've been looking all around for you. Mother wants you to come over to dinner with us at just twelve o'clock. You're going away with father as soon as we get through."

I wanted to go but got the notion all at once that the Dunkelbergs were in need of information about me and that the time had come to impart it. So then and there that ancient Olympus of our family received notice as it were.

"I can't," I said. "I've got to study my lessons before I go away with your father."

It was a blow to her. I saw the shadow that fell upon her face. She was vexed and turned and ran away from me without another word and I felt a pang of regret as I went to the lonely and deserted home of the schoolmaster.

At twelve-thirty Mr. Dunkelberg came for me, with a high-stepping horse in a new harness and a shiny, still-running buggy. He wore gloves and a beaver hat and sat very erect and had little to say.

"I hear you met the president," he remarked.

"Yes, sir. I was introduced to him this morning," I answered a bit too proudly, and wondering how he had heard of my good fortune, but deeply gratified at his knowledge of it.

"What did he have to say?"

I described the interview and the looks of the great man. Not much more was said as we sped away toward the deep woods and the high hills.

I was eager to get home but wondered why he should be going with me to talk with Mr. Grimshaw and my uncle. Of course I suspected that it had to do with Amos, but how I [illegible]

with his whip. I never knew a more persistent hummer.

Aunt Deel shook hands with Mr. Dunkelberg and then came to me and said:

"Wal, Bart Baynes! I never was so glad to see anybody in all the days o' my life—ayes! We been lookin' up the road for an hour — eyes! You come right into the house this minute—both o' you."

The table was spread with the things I enjoyed most—big, brown biscuits and a great comb of honey surrounded with its nectar and a pitcher of milk and a plate of cheese and some jerked beef and an apple pie.

"Set right down an' eat—I just want to see ye eat—ayes I do!"

Mr. Grimshaw came soon after we had finished our luncheon. He hitched his horse at the post and came in.

"Good day," he said, once and for all as he came in at the open door. "Baynes, I want to have a talk with you and the boy. Tell me what you know about that murder."

"Wal, I had some business over to Plattsburg," my uncle began. "While I was there I thought I'd go and see Amos. So I drove out to Beekman's farm. They told me that Amos had *left there after workin' four days.* They gave him fourteen shillins an' he was goin' to take the stage in the mornin'. He left some time in the night an' took Beekman's rifle with him, so they said. There was a piece o' wood broke out o' the stock o' the rifle. That was the kind o' gun that was used in the murder."

It surprised me that my uncle knew all this. He had said nothing to me of his journey or its result.

"How do you know?" snapped Mr. Grimshaw.

"This boy see it plain. It was a *gun with a piece o' wood broke out* o' the stock."

"Is that so?" was the brusque demand of the money lender as he turned to me.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"The boy lies," he snapped, and turning to my uncle added: "Yer mad 'cause I'm tryin' to make ye pay yer honest debts—ain't ye now?"

Uncle Peabody, keeping his temper, shook his head and calmly said: "No, I ain't anything ag'in' you or Amos, but it's got to be so that a man can travel the roads o' this town without *gettin' his head blowed off.*"

Mr. Dunkelberg turned to me and asked:

"Are you sure that the stock of the gun you saw was broken?"

"Yes, sir—and I'm almost sure it was Amos that ran away with it."

"Why?"

"I picked up a stone and threw it at him and it grazed the left side of his face, and the other night I saw the scar it made."

My aunt and uncle and Mr. Dunkelberg *moved with astonishment* as I spoke of the scar. Mr. Grimshaw, with keen eyes fixed upon me, gave a little grunt of incredulity.

"Huh!—Liar!" he muttered.

"I am not a liar," I declared with indignation, whereupon my aunt angrily stirred the fire in the stove and Uncle Peabody put his hand on my arm and said:

"Hush, Bart! Keep your temper, son."

"If you tell these things you may *be the means of sending an innocent* boy to his death," Mr. Dunkelberg said *to me.* "I wouldn't be too sure about 'em if I were you. It's so easy to be mistaken. You couldn't be sure in the dusk that the stone really hit him, could you?"

I answered: "Yes, sir—I saw the stone hit and I saw him put his hand on the place while he was running. I guess it hurt him some."

"Look a' here, Baynes," Mr. Grimshaw began in that familiar scolding tone of his, "I know what you want an' we might jest as well git right down to business first as last. You keep this boy still an' I'll give ye five years' interest."

Aunt Deel gave a gasp and quickly covered her mouth with her hand. Uncle Peabody changed color as he rose from his chair with a strange look on his face. He swung his big right hand in the air as he said:

"By the eternal jumpin'—"

He stopped, pulled down the left sleeve of his flannel shirt and walked to the water pail and drank out of the dipper.

"Say, Mr. Grimshaw, I'm awful sorry for ye," said my uncle as he returned to his chair, "but I've always learnt this boy to tell the truth an' the hull truth. I know the danger I'm in. We're gettin' old. It'll be hard to start over ag'in an' you can ruin us if ye want to an' I'm as scared o' ye as a mouse in a cat's paw, but this boy has got to tell the truth right out plain. I couldn't muzzle him if I tried—he's too much of a man. If you're scared o' the truth you mus' know that Amos is guilty."

Mr. Grimshaw shook his head with anger and beat the floor with the end of his cane.

"Nobody knows anything o' the kind, Baynes," said Mr. Dunkelberg. "Of course Amos never thought o' killing anybody. He's a *harmless kind of a* boy. I know him well and so do you. Under the circumstances Mr. Grimshaw is afraid that Bart's story will make it difficult for Amos to prove his innocence."

Uncle Peabody shook his head with a look of firmness.

Again Grimshaw laughed between his teeth as he looked at my uncle. In his view every man had his price.

"I see that I'm the mouse an' you're the cat," he resumed, as that curious laugh rattled in his throat. [illegible] Baynes [illegible]

chair with a look in his face which I have never forgotten. How his voice *rang out!*

"No, sir!" he shouted so loudly that we all jumped to our feet and Aunt Deel covered her face with her apron and began to cry. It was like the explosion of a blast. Then the fragments began falling with a loud crash:

"NO, SIR! YE CAN'T BUY THE NAIL ON MY LITTLE FINGER OR



"No, Sir! Ye Can't Buy the Nail on My Little Finger or His With All Yer Money—Damn You!"

HIS WITH ALL YER MONEY—D——N YOU!"

It was like the shout of Israel from the top of the mountains. Shep bounced into the house with hair on end and the chickens cackled and the old rooster clapped his wings and crowed with all the power of his lungs. Every *member of* that little group stood stock still and breathless.

I trembled with a fear I could not have defined. Mr. Grimshaw shuffled out of the door, his cane rapping the floor as if his arm had been stricken with palsy in a moment.

Mr. Dunkelberg turned to my aunt, his face scarlet, and muttered an apology for the disturbance and followed the money lender.

"Come on, Bart," Uncle Peabody called cheerfully, as he walked toward the barnyard. "Let's go an' git in them butnuts."

He paid no attention *to our* visitors—neither did my aunt, who followed us. The two men talked together a moment, unhitched their horses, got into their buggies and drove away.

"Wal, I'm surprised at Mr. Horace Dunkelberg tryin' to come it over us like that—ayes I be," said Aunt Deel.

"Wal, I ain't," said Uncle Peabody. "Ol' Grimshaw has got him under his thumb—that's what's the matter. You'll find he's up to his ears in debt to Grimshaw—prob'ly."

As we followed him toward the house, he pushing the wheelbarrow loaded with sacks of nuts, he added:

"*At last Grimshaw has found some*thin' that he can't buy an' he's awful surprised. Too bad he didn't learn that lesson long ago."

He stopped his wheelbarrow by the steps and we sat down together on the edge of the stoop as he added:

"I got mad—they kep' pickin' on me so—I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it. We'll start up ag'in somewheres if we have to. There's a good many days' work in me yet."

As we carried the bags to the attic room I thought of the lodestone and the compass and knew that Mr. Wright had foreseen what was likely to happen.

When we came down Uncle Peabody said to me:

"*I feel sorry, awful sorry, for that* boy."

We spent a silent afternoon gathering apples. After supper we played old sledge and my uncle had hard work to keep us in good countenance. We went to bed early and I lay long, hearing the autumn wind in the popple leaves and thinking of that great thing which had grown strong within us, little by little, in the candle light.

CHAPTER X.

A Party and—My Fourth Peril?

It was a rainy Sunday. In the middle of the afternoon Uncle Peabody and I had set out in our spring buggy with the family umbrella—a faded but sacred implement, always carefully dried, after using, and hung in the clothes press. We were drenched to the skin in spite of the umbrella. It was still raining when we arrived *at the familiar door in Ashery lane.* Uncle Peabody wouldn't stop.

He hurried away. We pioneers rarely stopped or even turned out for the weather.

"Come in," said the voice of the schoolmaster at the door. "There's good weather under this roof."

He saw my plight as I entered.

"I'm like a shaggy dog that's been in swimming," I said.

"Upon my word, boy, we're in luck," remarked the schoolmaster.

I looked up at him.

"Michael Henry's clothes!—sure, *they're just the thing for you!*"

I followed him upstairs, wondering how it had happened that Michael Henry had clothes.

He took me into [illegible] room and [illegible] clothes [illegible] cks and [illegible]

"There, my laddie buck," said he, "put them on."

"These will soon dry on me," I said.

"Put them on—ye laggard! Michael Henry told me to give them to you. It's the birthday night o' little Ruth, my boy. There's a big cake with candles and chicken pie and jellied cookies and all the like o' that. Put them on. A wet boy at the feast would dampen the whole proceedings."

I put them on and with a great sense of relief and comfort. They were an admirable fit—too perfect for an accident, although at the time I thought only of their grandeur as I stood surveying myself in the looking-glass. They were of blue cloth and I saw that they went well with my blond hair and light skin. I was putting on my collar and necktie when Mr. Hacket returned.

We went below and the table was very grand with its great frosted cake and its candles, in shiny brass sticks, and its jellies and preserves with the gleam of polished pewter among them. Mrs. Hacket and all the children, save Ruth, were waiting for us in the dining room.

"Now sit down here, all o' ye, with Michael Henry," said the schoolmaster. "The little lady will be impatient. I'll go and get her and God help us to make her remember the day."

He was gone a moment, only, when he came back with Ruth in lovely white dress and slippers and gay with ribbons, and the silver beads of Mary on her neck. We clapped our hands and cheered and, in the excitement of the moment, John tipped over his drinking glass and shattered it on the floor.

"Never mind, my brave lad—no glass ever perished in a better cause. God bless you!"

We ate and jested and talked, and the sound of our laughter drowned the cry of the wind in the chimney and the drumming of the rain upon the windows.

Next morning my clothes, which had been hung by the kitchen stove, were damp and wrinkled. Mr. Hacket came to my room before I had risen.

"Michael Henry would rather see his clothes hanging on a good boy than on a nail in the closet," said he. "Sure they give no comfort to the nail at all."

"I guess mine are dry now," I answered.

"They're wet and heavy, boy. No son o' Baldur could keep a light heart in them. Sure ye'd be as much out o' place as a sunbeam in a cave o' bats. *If ye care not for your own* comfort think o' the poor lad in the green chair. He's that proud and pleased to see them on ye it would be a shame to reject his offer. Sure, if they were dry yer own garments would be good enough, God knows, but Michael Henry loves the look o' ye in these togs, and then the president is in town."

That evening he discovered a big stain, black as ink, on my coat and trousers. Mr. Hacket expressed the opinion that it might *have come from* the umbrella, but I am quite sure that he had *spotted them* to save me from the last homemade suit I ever wore, save in rough work, and keep Michael Henry's on my back. In any event I wore them no more save at chore time.

Sally came and went, with the Wills boy, and gave no heed to me. In her eyes I had no more substance than a ghost, it seemed to me, although I caught her, often, *looking* at me. I judged that her father had given her a bad report of us and had some regrets, in spite of my knowledge that we were right, although they related mostly to Amos.

Next afternoon I saw Mr. Wright and the president walking back and forth on the bridge as they talked together. A number of men stood in front of the blacksmith shop, by the river shore, watching them, as I passed, on my way to the mill on an errand. The two statesmen were in broadcloth and white linen and beaver hats. They stopped as I approached them.

"Well, partner, we shall be leaving in an hour or so," said Mr. Wright as he gave me his hand. "You may look for me here soon after the close of the session. Take care of yourself and go often to see Mrs. Wright and obey your captain and remember me to your aunt and uncle."

"See that you keep coming, my good boy," said the president as he gave me his hand, with playful reference, no doubt, to Mr. Wright's remark that I was a coming man.

"Bart, I've some wheat to be thrashed in the barn on the back lot," said the senator as I was leaving them. "You can do it Saturdays, if you care to, at a shilling an hour. Stack the straw out of doors until you've finished, then put it back in the bay. Winnow the wheat carefully and sack it and bring it down to the granary and I'll settle with *you* when I return."

I remember that a number of men who worked in Grimshaw's sawmill were passing as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," I answered, much elated by the prospect of earning money.

The examination of Amos was set down for Monday and the people of the village were stirred and shaken by wildest rumors regarding the evidence to be adduced. Every day men and women stopped me in the street to ask what I knew of the murder. I followed the advice of Bishop Perkins and kept my knowledge to myself.

Saturday came, and when the chores were done I went alone to the grain barn in the back lot of the senator's farm with flail and measure and broom and fork and shovel and sacks and my luncheon, in a pushcart, with all of which Mrs. Wright had provided me.

It was a lonely place with woods on three sides of the field and a road on the other. I kept laying down beds of wheat on the barn floor and beating them out with the flail until the sun was well over the roof, when I sat down to eat my luncheon. Then I swept up the grain and winnowed out the chaff and filled one of my sacks. *That done* I covered the floor again and the thump of the flail eased my loneliness until in the middle of the afternoon two of my schoolmates came and asked me to go swimming with them. The river was not forty rods away and a good trail led to the swimming hole. It was a warm, bright day and I was hot and thirsty. The thought of cool waters and friendly companionship was too much for me. I went with them and stayed with them longer than I intended. I remember saying as I dressed that I should have to work late and go without my supper in order to finish my stint.

It was almost dark when I was putting the last sack of wheat into my cart, in the gloomy barn and getting ready to go.

A rustling in the straw where I stood stopped me suddenly. I heard stealthy footsteps in the darkness. I stood my ground and demanded:

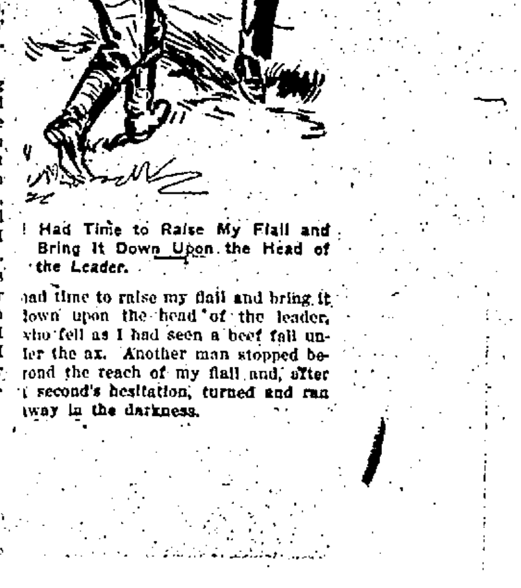
"Who's there?"

I saw a form approaching in the gloom with feet as noiseless as a cat's. I took a step backward and, seeing that it was a woman, stopped.

"It's Kate," came in a hoarse whisper as I recognized her form and staff.

"Run, boy—they have just come out o' the woods. I saw them. They will take you away. Run."

She had picked up the flail, and now she put it in my hands and gave me a push *toward the door.* I ran, and none too quickly, for I had not gone fifty feet from the barn in the stubble when I heard them coming after me, whoever they were. I saw that they were gaining and turned quickly. I



I Had Time to Raise My Flail and Bring It Down Upon the Head of the Leader.

had time to raise my flail and bring it down upon the head of the leader, who fell as I had seen a beef fall under the ax. Another man stopped beyond the reach of my flail and, after a second's hesitation, turned and ran away in the darkness.

I could hear or see no other motion in the field I turned and ran on down the slope toward the village. In a moment I saw someone coming out of the maple grove at the field's end, just ahead with a lantern

Then I heard the voice of the school master saying:

"Is it you my lads?'

"Yes I answered as I came up to him and Mary in a condition of breathless excitement

I told them of the curious adventure I had had

"Come quick," said the schoolmaster 'Let's go back and find the man in the stubble"

I remembered that I had struck the path in my flight just before stopping to swing the flail The man must have fallen very near it Soon we found where he had been lying and drops of fresh blood on the stubble

"Hush ' said the schoolmaster.

We listened and heard a wagon rattling at a wild pace down the road toward the river

"There he goes,' said Mr Hacket 'His companions have carried him away Ye'd be riding in that wagon now yerself my brave lad if ye hadn't a' made a lucky hit with the flail—God bless ye!"

"What would they 'a' done with me?" I asked

'Oh I reckon they'd 'a' took ye off, lad and kep ye for a year or so until Amos was out o' danger," said Mr Hacket. 'Maybe they'd drowned ye in the river, down there an' left yer clothes on the bank to make it look like an honest drowning The devil knows what they'd 'a' done with ye, laddie buck We'll have to keep an eye on ye now, every day until the trial is over—sure we will Come, we'll go up to the barn and see if Kate is there"

Just then we heard the receding wagon go roaring over the bridge on Little river Mary shuddered with fright The schoolmaster reassured us by saying

"Don't be afraid I brought my gun in case we'd meet a painter But the danger is past'

He drew a long pistol from his coat pocket and held it in the light of the lantern

The loaded cart stood in the middle of the barn floor where I had left it, but old Kate had gone We closed the barn drawing the cart along with us. When we came into the edge of the village I began to reflect upon the strange spell out of which I had so quickly escaped. It gave me a heavy sense of responsibility and of the [illegible]

I thought [illegible] she [illegible] why she took such care of me. She was in league with the gallows and could not bear to [illegible] Grimshaw's. [illegible] the old man [illegible] through the streets of [illegible] finger and [illegible] There here is the man who has brought me [illegible] has put the [illegible] my back this fire in my heart this wild [illegible] in my eyes Wait and you will see what I will put upon him'

I knew that old Kate was not the irresponsible witless creature that people thought her to be I had begun to think of her with a kind of awe as one gifted above all others One by one the things she had said of the future seemed to be coming true

As we were going into the house the schoolmaster said

'Now Mary you take this lantern and go across the street to the house o' Deacon Binks the constable You'll find him asleep by the kitchen stove Arrest his slumbers, but not rudely, and when he has come to, tell him that I have news o' the devil!"

Deacon Binks arrived, a fat man with a big round body and a very wise and serious countenance between side whiskers bending from his temple to his neck and suggesting parentheses of hair as if his head and its accessories were in the nature of a side issue He and the schoolmaster went out of doors and must have talked together while I was eating a bowl of bread and milk which Mrs Hacket had brought to me

When I went to bed by and by I heard somebody snoring on the little porch under my window The first sound that reached my ear at the break of dawn was the snoring of some sleeper I dressed and went below and found the constable in his coonskin overcoat asleep on the porch with a long barreled gun at his side While I stood there the schoolmaster came around the corner of the house from the garden He put his hand on the deacon's shoulder and gave him a little shake



"Awake, Ye Limb o' the Law."

"Awake, ye limb o' the law," he demanded 'Prayer is better than sleep'

The deacon arose and stretched himself and cleared his throat and assumed an air of alertness and said it was a fine morning which it was not, the sky being overcast and the air dark and chilly Mr Hacket removed his greatcoat and threw it on the stoop saying

'Deacon you lay there From now on I'm constable and ready for any act that may be necessary to maintain the law I can be as severe as Napoleon Bonaparte and as cunning as Satan, if I have to be'

While I was milking the deacon sat on a bucket in the doorway of the [illegible] until I had finished [illegible] when the cow and the constable went back to the pasture with me yawning with his hand over his mouth much of the way The deacon leaned his elbow on the top of the pen and snored again lightly while I mixed the feed for the pigs.

Mr Hacket met us at the kitchen door where Deacon Binks said to him:

"If you'll look after the boy today I'll go home and get a little rest."

"God bless yer soul ye had a busy night," said the schoolmaster with a smile.

He added as he went into the house:

"I never knew a man to rest with more energy and persistence It was a perfect flood o' rest. It kept me awake until long after midnight."

CHAPTER XI.

The Spirit of Michael Henry and Others.

At the examination of Amos Grimshaw my knowledge was committed to the records and ceased to be a source of danger to me Grimshaw came to the village that day On my way to the courtroom I saw him walking slowly with bent head as I had seen him before followed by old Kate She carried her staff in her left hand while the forefinger of her right hand was pointing him out Silent as a ghost and [illegible]—one would say—she followed his steps

I observed that old Kate [illegible] Grimshaw [illegible] her lips moved in a strange [illegible] of her spirit Her face filled [illegible] as one damning [illegible] out in the [illegible]

The facts hereinbefore all set and others were proved for the tracks fit [illegible] the shoes of Amos The young man was held and presently indicted the time of his trial was not determined

I wrote a good hand those days and the leading merchant of the village engaged me to post his books every Saturday at ten cents an hour Thenceforward until Christmas I gave my free days to that task I estimated the sum that I should earn and planned to divide it in equal parts and proudly present it to my aunt and uncle on Christmas day

One Saturday while I was at work on the big ledger of the merchant I ran upon this item.

October 1—S Wright—To one suit of clothes for Michael Henry from measures furnished by S Robinson $14 50
Shirts to match ... 1 70

I knew then the history of the suit of clothes which I had worn since that rainy October night, for I remembered that Sam Robinson, the tailor, had measured me at our house and made up the cloth of Aunt Deel's weaving.

I observed also that numerous articles—a load of wood, two sacks of flour, three pairs of boots, one coat, ten pounds of salt pork and four bushels of potatoes—all for "Michael Henry"—had been charged to Silas Wright.

So by the merest chance I learned that the invisible 'Michael Henry' was the dimmer of the modest statesman and really the spirit of Silas Wright feeding the hungry and clothing the naked and warming the cold house, in the absence of its owner It was the heart of Wright joined to that of the schoolmaster, which sat in the green chair

I fear that my work suffered a moment's interruption for just then I began to know the great heart of the senator Its warmth was in the clothing that covered my back its delicacy in the ignorance of those who had shared its benefactions

I count this one of the great events of my youth. But there was a greater one although it seemed not so at the time of it. A traveler on the road to Ballybeen had dropped his pocketbook containing a large amount of money—$2,700 was the sum if I remember rightly He was a man who being justly suspicious of the banks, had withdrawn his money Posters announced the loss and the offer of a large reward The village was profoundly stirred by them Searching parties went up the road stirring its dust and groping in its grass and briers for the great prize which was supposed to be lying there It was said however [illegible] quest had been unsuccessful So the lost pocketbook became a treasured mystery of the village and of all the hills and valleys toward Ballybeen—a topic of old wives and gabbling husbands at the fireside for unnumbered years.

By and by the fall term of school ended Uncle Peabody came down to get me the day before Christmas. I had enjoyed my work and my life at the Hackets on the whole but I was glad to be going home again My uncle was in high spirits and there were many packages in the sleigh.

'A merry Christmas to ye both an' may the Lord love ye!" said Mr. Hacket as he bade us goodby "Every day our thoughts will be going up the hills to your house."

The bells rang merrily as we hurried through the swamp in the hard snow paths

'We're goin' to move," said my uncle presently "We've agreed to get out by the middle o' May"

'How does that happen?" I asked.

"I settled with Grimshaw and agreed to go If it hadn't 'a' been for Wright and Baldwin we wouldn't 'a' got a cent They threatened to bid against him at the sale So he settled We're goin' to have a new home We've bought a hundred an' fifty acres from the Leonard Goin' to build a new house in the spring It will be nearer the village"

He playfully nudged my ribs with his elbow.

"We've had a little good luck, Bart," he went on "I'll tell ye what it is if you won't say anything about it."

I promised

"I dunno as it would matter much," he continued, 'but I don't want to do any braggin' It ain't anybody's business, anyway An old uncle over in Vermont died three weeks ago and left us thirty eight hundred dollars. It was old Uncle Ezra Baynes o' Hinesburg Died without a chick or child Your aunt and me slipped down to Potsdam an' took the stage an' went over an got the money It was more money than I ever see before in my life We put it in the bank in Potsdam to keep it out o' Grimshaw's hands I wouldn't trust that man as fur as you could throw a bull by the tail"

It was a cold clear night and when we reached home the new stove was [illegible] with the heat in its firebox and the pudding puffing in the pot and old Shep dreaming in the chimney corner Aunt Deel gave me a hug at the door Shep barked and leaped to my shoulders

'Why Bart! You're growin like a weed—ain't ye?—yes ye be" my aunt said as she stood and looked at me "Set right down here in warm [illegible] I've done all the chores—[illegible]

[illegible] was the [illegible] I have had [illegible] in this world [illegible] but never anything that [illegible] with a keener relish than the pudding and [illegible] bread and but [illegible] and pumpkin pie which Aunt Deel gave us that night

Supper [illegible] dishes for my aunt while Uncle Peabody went out to feed and water the horses Then we sat down in the [illegible] warmth while I told the story of my life in the busy town as they called it What pride and attention they gave me then!

My fine clothes and the story of how I had come by them taxed my ingenuity somewhat although not improperly I had to be careful not to let them know that I had been ashamed of the homemade suit. They somehow felt the truth about it and a little silence followed the story Then Aunt Deel drew her chair near me and touched my hair very gently and looked into my face without speaking

"Ayes! I know," she said presently, in a kind of caressing tone, with a touch of sadness in it. "They ain't used to coarse homespun stuff down here in the village They made fun o' ye—didn't they, Bart?"

"I don't care about that,' I assured them "'The mind's the measure of the man,'" I quoted remembering the lines the Senator had repeated to me.

'That's sound! Uncle Peabody exclaimed with enthusiasm

Aunt Deel took my hand in hers and surveyed it thoughtfully for a moment without speaking

"You ain't goin' to have to suffer that way no more," she said in a low tone We're goin' to be more comf'table—ayes Yer uncle thought we better go West, but I couldn't bear to go off so fur an leave mother an father an sister Susan an all the folks we loved layin' here in the ground alone—I want to lay down with em by an' by an wait for the sound o the trumpet—ayes!—mebbe it'll be for thousands o years—ayes!'

To our astonishment the clock struck twelve

'Hurrah! It's merry Christmas!" said Uncle Peabody as he jumped to his feet and began to sing of the little Lord Jesus

We joined him while he stood beating time with his right hand after the fashion of a singing master.

"Off with yer boots, friend!" he exclaimed when the stanza was finished 'We don't have to set up and watch like the shepherds."

We drew our boots on the chair round with hands clasped over the knee—how familiar is the process, and yet I haven't seen it in more than half a century! I lighted a candle and scampered upstairs in my stocking feet, Uncle Peabody following close and slapping my thigh as if my pace were not fast enough for him In the midst of our skylarking the candle tumbled to the floor and I had to go back to the stove and light it

[illegible] it seemed to be back in [illegible] under the shingles! The heat of the stovepipe had warmed its hospitality.

"It's been kind o' lonesome here," said Uncle Peabody as he opened the window "I always let the wind come in to keep me company—it gits so warm."

"Ye can't look at yer stockin' yit," said Aunt Deel when I came downstairs about eight o'clock, having slept through chore time. I remember it was the delicious aroma of frying ham and buckwheat cakes which awoke me; and who wouldn't rise and shake off the cloak of slumber on a bright, cold winter morning with such provocation?

"This ain't no common Chris'mas—I tell ye,' Aunt Deel went on. "Santa Claus won't git here short o' noon I wouldn't wonder—ayes!"

About eleven o'clock Uncle Hiram and Aunt Eliza and their five children arrived with loud and merry greetings. Then came other aunts and uncles and cousins. With what noisy good cheer the men entered the house after they had put up their horses! I remember how they laid their hard, heavy hands on my head and shook it a little as they spoke of my "stretchin' up" or gave me a playful slap on the shoulder—an ancient token of good will—the first form of the accolade, I fancy. What joyful good humor there was in those simple men and women—enough to temper the woes of a city if it could have been applied to their relief They stood thick around the stove warming themselves and taking off its griddles and opening its doors and surveying it inside and out with much curiosity.

"Now for the Christmas tree," said Uncle Peabody as he led the way into our best room, where a fire was burning in the old Franklin grate. "Come on, boys an' girls"

What a wonderful sight was the Christmas tree—the first we had had in our house—a fine spreading balsam loaded with presents! Uncle Hiram jumped into the air and clapped his feet together and shouted: "Hold me, somebody, or I'll grab the hull tree an' run away with it."

Uncle Jabez held one foot in both hands before him and joyfully hopped around the tree

These relatives had brought their family gifts some days before to be hung on its branches The thing that caught my eye was a big silver watch hanging by a long golden chain to one of the boughs Uncle Peabody took it down and held it aloft by the chain, so that none should miss the sight saying

'From Santa Claus for Bart'

A [illegible] through



"From Santa Claus for Bart!"

the company which gathered around me as I held the treasure in my trembling hands.

"This is for Bart, too," Uncle Peabody shouted as he took down a bolt of soft blue cloth and laid it in my arms 'Now there's somethin' that's jest about as slick as a kitten's ear feel of it. It's for a suit o' clothes. Come all the way from Burlington. Now get up there You've got your load."

I moved out of the way in a hurricane of merriment It was his one great day of pride and [illegible] He did not try to conceal them

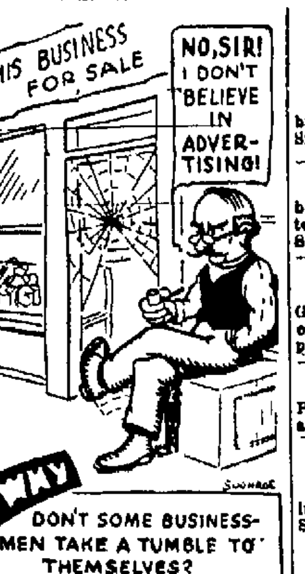
The other presents floated for a moment in this atmosphere of laughing good will and found their owners I have never forgotten how Uncle Jabez [?] chased Aunt Minerva around the house with a wooden snake cunningly carved and colored I observed there were many things on the tree which had not been taken down when we younger ones gathered up our wealth and repaired to Aunt Deel's room to feast our eyes upon it and compare our good fortune

Continued next week

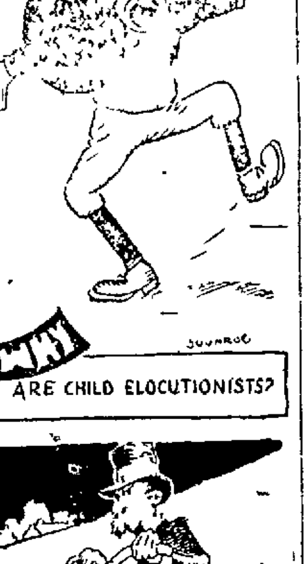
According to the camp poster at Camp Lewis American Lake Wash, camp record blanks were found insufficient to accommodate the address of an Australian who came indirectly assuming name of the individual Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogogoch in the county of Anglesey, North Wales When he joined the army he held a residence at W[illegible] Swansea road, Gowerton South Wales

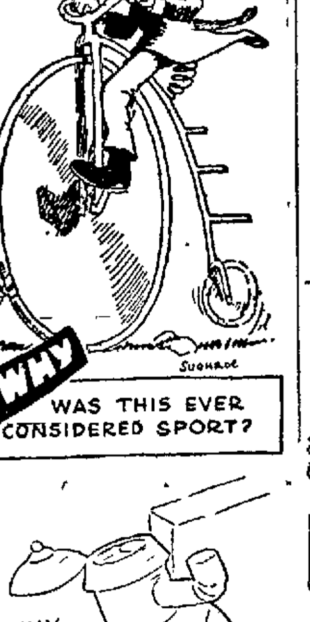
Might Have Cracked Joke

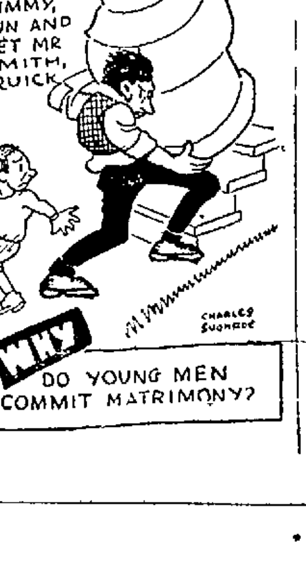
"If [illegible] inquires the Dexter statesman [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] your [illegible] just as they were sailing through a cloud why not? —St Louis Republic











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SHERIDAN GORTON.
ATTORNEY-AT LAW All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

F. D. GALLUP.
ATTORNEY-AT LAW All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. R. MAYO & SONS.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over Grange bank, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public

THOMAS H. MORRISON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Smethport, Pa. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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H. L McCOY.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in I O O F block, Main street, Smethport, Pa

JOHN CLARK, M. D, C. M.
Office and residence in Clark block, Smethport, Pa. Office hours 8 to 10 a m, and 1 to 3 p m

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Dentist.
Anderson & Carlson Block.
Office Hours 9 to 12; 1 to 5.

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In Good Reliable Companies.

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Now for many years ready to supply harnesses, whips, blankets and robes—all sorts of horse furnishing goods

Trunks, suit cases, traveling bags standard leather goods

SMETHPORT PA

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Try one of my Dry Shampoos at 50c. Regular Shampoo with Tonic applied 3 for $1.25

All combings made up at 50c per oz. Du Four Toilet articles on Sale

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Denning's Market

ALWAYS THE BEST MEATS, POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS, — CHOICE GROCERIES.

OLEO 30c TO 37c POUND.

G. H. DENNING
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Just Fun!

Raising chicks in a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The

STANDARD COLONY BROODER
PATENTED

is the greatest, most practical coal burning brooder ever made, regardless of price. Raises a hundred chicks or a thousand and the cost is less than 6 cents a day. We guarantee the "Standard" to do all that any other brooder will do, and do it better—and you may write the guarantee! Put down in black and white just what you think a brooder should do and we'll back the "Standard" to do it. Can you ask more than that?

Ask us for a "Book of Proof"—free Remember—$16 buys the Standard Colony Brooder Come in and see it.

E W STRONG.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1919.

We are an optimistic people if we believe that any man-made pact can assure a lasting peace among the nations of the earth. Our President is spreading his grins broadcast throughout Europe and talking in highfaluting language of a "League of Nations" that will preserve "permanent peace" in the world's affairs. Any person who gives the matter five minutes' serious consideration is forced to the conclusion that the abolishment of war is a chimera. "The torch that has been kindled throughout the ages cannot be blown out like a candle." To do away with war means a regeneration of the species. Just as long as the face of the earth is inhabated by different races of mankind there will be war. Germany with its boasted superior type of civilization reverted to the savage almost in an hour. The oriental races with their different viewpoints upon the affairs of life are always a potential source of trouble. Great and powerful as is the United States should it attempt to abolish warfare upon this continent it would find itself constantly embroiled with Mexico and the fire-eating republics of Central and South America. It is probable that three or four of the powerful nations may draw up an agreement that will protect their interests and render futile any attempt by less powerful nations to make war upon them, but the idea of a permanently peaceful world is only a beautiful dream. As long as men are men there will be warfare.

A recent dispatch from Washington makes this announcement: "The same spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation which attended the Fourth Liberty Loan and much the same methods, including advertising in newspapers and local propaganda campaigns, are planned as features of the nation's next great financial task, the collection of about $8,000,000,000 in taxes next year." The present administration surely believes in advertising, but so far as newspapers are utilized for the publicity necessary in putting over the schemes of the Treasury department or distributing other propaganda, the officials rely on the so-called patriotism of editors to get the advertising free. Immense sums are expended for posters, pamphlets, extracts from swivel-chair harangues, etc., to extract coin of the realm from a patriotic people, but not a cent for legitimate advertising in the press, the best medium of publicity. The publishers of weekly papers should come to their senses before long and cut out the free stuff that is no more nor less than advertising, which should be paid for.—Potter County Journal.

Numerous inquires have been received asking why the affidavit published last week concerning the conferring of medals upon Herbert N. Smith, should have read, "Arthur J. Smith." The particulars relating to young Smith's career, including his enlistment in the British army, were published in the MINER some months ago. Herbert, a lad of 16, was serving in the U. S. army when the European war broke out. He was so anxious to get into the big scrap overseas that he deserted from the American army, worked his passage to England, and on his arrival there decided to enlist in the British army under an assumed name. He served throughout the war as "Arthur J. Smith." The fact that Herbert was under enlistment age when he deserted made a great difference in his case. Some months ago Sheriff E. W. Jones took up the matter with the War Department and the charge of desertion was eventually withdrawn; as a matter of fact Smith is now serving with the United States army in Europe.

Superintendent Lillibridge recently sent a circular letter to the school teachers of the county wherin the fact is pointed out that although the educational laws of the state do not allow the holding of school on Saturday, unless Monday is observed as a holiday, that as much time as two weeks can be made up by lengthening the sessions each day. Some of the schools of the county have lost no time on account of closing due to influenza, while other schools have lost as much as nine weeks. Valuable suggestions are also contained in the letter regarding the rearrangement of the study course to obtain the best results in the curtailed school term. The unfortunate situation created by the closing is most skillfully handled and indications are that the present school term will be generally satisfactory.

The Smethport board of trade should be reorganized and soon actively engaged in endeavoring to land two or three new industries in Smethport. Our boys are coming home from the war and employment must be provided for them if we expect to keep them at home. There is going to be a great readjustment of industrial affairs next spring. Many factories will be seeking new locations and it seems reasonable to suppose that Smethport can offer at least two new plants satisfactory inducements. The department of labor already announces a surplus of labor in twelve states. Pennsylvania is not among them, but is liable to be by next April unless each community makes arrangements to care for its returning quota of soldiers industrially. If the Council of National Defense takes up this matter with wartime vim McKean County can be depended upon to meet the situation in its territory. Locally the industrial campaign should be soon underway, and if Smethport people are one-tenth as willing to help their town as they are the nation it will be abundantly successful.

One Smethport citizen that deserves to rank with the heroes of the past year is Dr. H. L. McCoy. This truly wonderful man, although over seventy years of age, has been a pillar of strenght to many sick people by his dependability in time of distress. Night and day he has answered the calls of his merciful profession, giving of his energy and strength in a measure to cause concern to his many friends. True to his duty, as he saw it, he has been as faithful and courageous as a good soldier in the front line trenches.

Here is one writer's view of an important matter: "There is much discussion as to the order in which the representatives of the various nations shall be seated at the peace table. The logical order would be the order in which their respective nations entered the war. Certainly the nations which answered, without hesitation, the call of humanity when the Hun monster attempted to overthrow civilization should have precedence at the peace table over the laggard nations that waited until the last moment to answer the call of duty to themselves and the world. This may jar some who think the glorious record made by our army and navy entitles us to the first place but much as we may want to forget it the world will never forget our cowardly evasion of duty in the early trying days of the war. This is in a measure atoned for by the record of our boys—brave beyond measure but unprepared as the casualty lists show—but in this regard our record is equalled by the record of our allies. It is our failure in diplomacy; our failure to effectively protest the murder of our women and children on high seas; our failure to promptly answer the call of humanity and take warning from the reports of our ambassadors as to the aim of Germany for world dominion that puts us at a disadvantage at the peace table. It would be well for our delegates at the conference to confine themselves to American questions only and to securing redress for the wrongs done us by the Central Powers and let the Utopian schemes of academic dreamers wait until the Central Powers have fully atoned for the colossal crime of the ages.

Some time ago President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, said that the laboring men of the country would resist to the uttermost any effort to reduce wages from the war-time schedules. To this a prompt response was made by President Jonathan Bourne, of the Republican Publicity Association, saying that Republicans will be glad to co-operate in the effort to keep wages up; and suggested that a protective tariff was the best means of preventing a lowering of wages through competition with the products of cheap labor abroad. Bourne asked Gompers to suggest his remedy for falling wages in the face of competition, and thus far Gompers' only answer has been that labor does not propose to depend upon any "patent panacea." Well, there is no patent on the protective tariff idea, nor the idea of a high scale of wages. Until they do adopt such a scale, we shall feel under the necessity of protecting our own scale by imposing an import duty on the products of cheaper labor sufficient to cover the difference in cost of production. Protection is neither a panacea nor patented. It is a plain matter of economic good sense. It is an "America First" principle put into practice.

It is understood that one of Al Burleson's proposals under Government control of the wires is to charge for long distance messages whether the party called up can be found or not. This would put an end to long-distance 'phoning, which may be what he aims to do.

Help the relief fund for the starving Syrians and Armenians.

Just Like Getting

Money From

Home

TO KEEP WARM THESE COLD NIGHTS IN OUR HEAVY

Night Gowns

and

Pajamas.

REASONABLY PRICED.

H. W. Rubin & Son

NOTICE OF APPEALS FOR McKEAN COUNTY, PA.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners sitting as a Board of Appeals will be at the designated places named below at the time specified for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeals for their respective districts.

For Kane Boro 1st and 2nd Wards, February 3rd; Kane 3rd and 4th Wards February 4th; Hamilton and Wetmore Townships, February 5th, at the City Building, Kane.

Hamlin Township and Mt. Jewett Borough, February 6th at the Boro Building, Mt. Jewett.

Bradford 1st and 2nd Wards, February 7th; Bradford 3rd and 4th Wards, February 8th; Bradford, 5th and 6th Wards, February 10th; Bradford, Foster, Corydon Townships and Lewis Run Borough, February 11th at the City Building, Bradford.

Eldred Borough and Otto Township, February 12th; Eldred and Ceres Townships, February 13th at St. Elmo, Eldred.

Port Allegany Borough, February 14th; Liberty and Annin Townships, February 15th at the Borough Building, Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, February 17th; Keating and Lafayette Townships, February 18th; Norwich and Sergeant Townships, February 19th at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 13th day of January, 1919.

A. M. Marsh
O. S. Mahagan
Thomas Flaherty
County Commissioners.

A. R. Anderson,
Clerk.

Beautiful Ferns.

When the new shoots of potted ferns appear turn them to the light until they are well up and the shoot started in the right direction. When the fern is full grown the result will be a beautiful sound plant.

Bank Holidays Are Many.

Because of holidays, civil and religious, throughout the different countries, there are only 84 days out of a year in which banks are open in every part of the world at once.—People's Home Journal.

Length of Night.

The length of the night at any time of the year may be found by multiplying by two the time of the sun's rising. Doubling the time of its setting will give the length of the day.

A little ad in the MINER will do the business if you need help, have something to buy or sell, have lost or found something. Try a few lines. Advertise in the MINER.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Alias Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises herein described, on

Tuesday, January 28th, 1919, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m.

ALL the defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at an iron post on the south side of State street, twelve rods more or less west of Center Street, and at the northeast corner of lot deeded to Edward E. McQuiston and Esther L. McQuiston; thence south one hundred, 100, feet; thence east thirty two, 32, feet; thence north one hundred, 100, feet to State Street; thence west along State Street thirty two, 32, feet to the place of beginning. Said lot containing three thousand two hundred, 3200, square feet.

Improved and having erected thereon a one story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will now for use of William Wallace Brown.

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
January 6, 1919. 3t

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

WE HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE BEST FLOUR ON THE MARKET.

Pillsbury's Best—
Thornton and Chester
White Puff
Gold Ball.

And the very best Buckwheat flour. Also prepared Buckwheat and all other pancake flour at very low prices this week.

Syrups—Salt Pork—Bacon—Hams.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

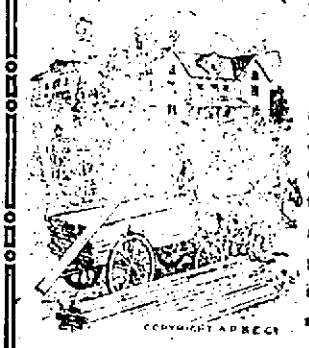
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get Good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH GRADE LUMBER



AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU
WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

Armours Fertilizers

I am in position to give you very attractive prices on ARMOUR'S FERTILIZERS.

The reputation of the Armour Fertilizers has been made from results obtained in the field and you will make no mistake if you fill your fertilizer requirements with Armour's High Grade Animal Matter Fertilizers.

Write me or call for prices I know they will interest you.

B. T. GALICK

The Corner Hardware

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 16, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Mrs. Robert Hamilton was an Olean visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Julia Fay was an Olean visitor Saturday.

C. C. Schetzinger was a Bradford business visitor yesterday.

L. H. Bailey of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport business visitor Saturday.

Axel Anderson of Clermont was a business visitor in Smethport Saturday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Garlick, Wednesday, January 15, 1919, a daughter.

Mrs. A. R. Braden of Clarington, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

Archie Freeman and Max Moore of Coleville, Pa., were Smethport visitors Sunday.

—Miss Allyne Nesbitt of Betula has been spending a few days with Miss Florence Oakley.

—M. S. Comes has been confined to his home on Marvin Creek this week by illness.

—Miss Helen Johnson of Bradford was a guest of friends in this place Friday and Saturday.

—Mrs. M. G. Oakley was called to Betula last Tuesday on account of the illness of her niece.

—Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter, Miss Dorothy, were Bradford visitors teh first of the week.

—Miss Ethelyn Reynolds left for Roulette Wednesday to attend the funeral of her cousin.

—Earl Herzog and Harold Booth were visiting friends in Smethport Saturday and Sunday.

—The Victory Bridge Club was entertained by Mrs. F. D. Fischer, Monday, at six oclock dinner.

C. G. Raymond of Mt. Jewett spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Corwin.

—Raymond Elliot of Honesdale, Pa., has been the guest of friends and relatives in Smethport for the past week.

—Mrs. Thomas Dunlaney returned last Thursday from Akron, Ohio, where she had been for the past two weeks.

—Mrs. Frank Potter, Sr., was called to Kane the first of the week on account of teh serious illness of her mother.

—Robert and Howard Digel, students of the Smethport High School, spent the week end at their home in Coleville.

—Mrs. Francis Quirk left Monday evening for Ashville, N. C., where she will join her husband, who is now stationed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter, Jr. and son, Dixon, returned to their home in Kane, Saturday, after an extended visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter, Sr.

Mrs. W. P. Mitchell and daughter, Norma, who have been guests of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green, for several weeks, left Monday morning for their home in Washington, D. C.

—Mrs. H. H. Redfield entertained the Auction Bridge club at a one o'clock luncheon at her home on West Main street yesterday.

C. Purkepyle who has been spending some time with Mrs. Purkepyle, at the home of Mrs. Belle Eagan, left Saturday for Akron, Ohio.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Milo Oviatt, of Betula, Pa., in the Olean General hospital Saturday morning, January 11, 1919.

—Mrs. Charles Bush who has been confined to her home on Forest avenue for some time suffering with pneumonia is much better at this time.

There is a steady position and salary for a linotype operator at the MINER offices. The position requires a man who can take care of the machine.

The State County Town and Ladge Directory is omitted from the paper this week and an endeavor will be made to have it corrected when it appears in the paper again.

The MINER has on hand a number of soldiers' letters that will all eventually be published. Just now working conditions are disorganized and only a limited number can be used each week.

—Olean Herald: Sunday morning at St. Mary of the Angels church, announcement was made of the coming marriage of Miss Anna Kick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kick, of South Eleventh street, to Francis Fay of Smethport, Pa.

—Monday night about thirty-three of the friends of Rev. L. O. Thayer of Farmers Valley tendered that gentleman a surprise that was a genuine one and the result was a very pleasant evening. Delicious refreshments were not forgotten, and Rev. Mr Thayer was presented with a fine pair of gauntlet driving gloves.

—A statement has just been issued by State Highway Commissioner, J. Denny O'Neil, that 1918 license tags may be used until February 1. Early in the month, the commissioner extended the time to January 15 and because of such a rush at the commission offices it has been found necessary to again grant an extension.

—The Musser Brothers Co. take the whole eighth page this week to tell of their mammoth clearance sale which starts Saturday, January 18. This is one of the big selling events of the year and is eagerly awaited by buyers in Smethport and vicinity. This year in spite of high prices some remarkable bargains are quoted.

—Subscribers to the four magazines in the MINER'S subscription offer are notified that it is usually four to six weeks after subscribing before the magazines commence to arrive. However, you get a full year's subscription from the date of the first numbers received. Those who subscribed before December 8, should have received copies of at least two of the magazines.

—Miss Laura Dane of Mt. Jewett a registered nurse, died Sunday evening at the Bradford hospital where she had been a patient for about ten days, suffering from influenza and complications. Deceased was nursing in the family of Maurice Hungiville of Rixford when stricken and was the third member of her profession to become thus afflicted while professionally engaged by the Hungiville family. Miss Dane was the daughter of Mrs. Minnie Larson of Mt. Jewett who was with her when death claimed her.

CROSBY.

Crosby is Having a Tussle With Influenza.

Crosby has at last joined the "Four Hundred." The "flu" has arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace of Bradford and Mrs. Mattie Brown of Stoneboro visited Mrs. J. Krueger the past week. Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Brown are twin sisters, thire ages being 72 years. Josiah Morrison, their father, was one of the first settlers on the Kinzua creek. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Wallace were the youngest of eleven children and are the only two living.

Enos Grover was doing business in Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvan Wilcox and family are recovering from the "flu."

Miss Lucile Marshall of Smethport is substituting in the Crosby Primary room, while Miss Velma Wilcox is ill with influenza.

Heny Lathrope of Olean was home part of last week.

Vern Marsh who has been ill with influenza is recovering rapidly.

Miss Hannah Hanson was in town Thursday.

Mrs. Hannah Edmunds and Miss Harriet Landan have been assisting at the home of Irvan Wilcox.

Miss Harriet Landan is now ill with the "flu."

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wilcox who have been ill with influenza, are recovering.

Edmund Whitelaw and John Wallace were in Emporium Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Greely are recovering from the "flu."

Mrs. Charles Day of Bradford is ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. Herman Kreuger.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Doubles and daughter are recovering from influenza.

J. F. George of Kane was in town on business Saturday.

Charles Day of Bradford was in town on account of his wife's illness.

We advise those two Crosby boys when they start for Gardeau again, to have Mrs. Herman Kreuger to bake them at least one apple pie.

Mike McKiernan is able to be out again.

Mandras Stranburg is recovering from the "flu."

Every Crosby school was closed one week and is out if the "flu."

SADLY AFFLICTED FAMILY.

The death of Robert Rixford, aged 15 years, son of Mrs. E. K. Pepper of Rixford, occurred at the family home at Rixford yesterday morning, at 4:30 o'clock of fluppneumonia, following a week's illness of the malady. The family of the deceased has been badly afflicted by the disease. Mrs. Annie Shea of Lake Center, a sister of the boy, died last week of influenza and at the present time the following members of the family are sick with the same malady: Warren and Sarah [illegible] and Mrs. Pepper herself, all at home, and a sister, Mrs. Sylvia Barton of Bradford, at the Bradford hospital. Mary Barton, daughter of the latter, is also ill of "flu" at the Rixford home.—Bradford Star Record.

Born Before His Mother.

A celebrated actress invariably claimed to be eighteen years younger than she really was. She was called to the witness stand one day, and even there she did not break her rule. It happened that her son was called immediately afterward, and on being asked his age he replied: "Six months older than my mother."—Boston Transcript.

Fish Attacks Ship.

An attack made by a swordfish on a ship which arrived at a port in India resulted in considerable damage to the vessel. The ship was entirely stripped of her metal sheeting in the encounter. The creature made a hole on the port side, penetrating through a mass of copper and for fourteen inches into solid oak plank and timber.

Cleaning With Gasoline.

Unless the whole garment is placed in gasoline, the small places will show rings when cleaned. This is caused by using too much gasoline on the grease spot. Brush lightly with a cloth dampened with the gasoline, brush when dry. If the rings are then noticeable hold the soiled part over the steam of a teakettle, and this will remove the unsightly blotch.

Human Fruitage.

Nature does not bear fruit for herself, but for man. The branch does not bear the rich clusters for its own selfish appetite. Our fruitage must be for mankind. Your aim is a mistaken one if you are seeking spiritual comfort, quiet satisfaction, joy here and hereafter, just for your own little self.—Christian Herald.

Timber in Burma.

Burma grows over a hundred varieties of every sort of timber. Yet up to last year she exported her rubber in packing cases made of wood imported from Japan. It has now been found that they can be made locally at about half the cost.

Accounting for It.

Young Fitznoodle (to dentist)—Isn't it rather strange, doctor, that at my age I haven't cut my wisdom teeth yet?" Dentist (calmly)—"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps there isn't enough wisdom back of them to push them through."

Advertise in the MINER.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that is new. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

advtf.

LARABEE.

Personal News of the Week Pleasingly Written.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Carpenter of Muscle Shoals, Ala., were recent guests of the former's sister, Mrs Forrest Pendleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Huff of Buffalo are in town. They were called here by the serious illness of the latter's mother, Mrs. Betsey Childs.

Quite a number of our townspeople are ill with influenza.

Dr. Huff of Eldred has made several calls in town during the past week.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson and daughter, Miss Freda, were in Olean, Saturday.

Louie Angelo was a Buffalo visitor, Friday.

Eros Carpenter and Tom Ralston were business visitors in Sartwell, Monday.

Miss Alma Anderson was a visitor in Portville, Saturday.

John Stull and daughter, Miss Evelyn, of Stulltown, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. Eros Carpenter and daughter, Miss Nina Lee, were Olean visitors, Saturday.

Miss Alberta Rice visited relatives in Eldred, Wednesday.

Misses Kathleen and Doris Johnson were week end visitors of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Haynes, of Sartwell.

C. J. Carey was a Smethport visitor, Thursday.

Mrs. F. A. Moore of Coryville was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Eros Carpenter, Wednesday.

Don't Puzzle

about the youngsters clothes Let us fit him with a pair of classy

DUTCHESS KNICKER BOCKERS

—$1.50 to $3.00 a Pair—

They are warranted against button troubles or seams ripping.—We'll make good" if such troubles arise, we oger many other fine values in our Boys' Department.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

THE FRY COMPANY

"Pictorial" Patterns "Arrow" Collars

The last of the WINTER COATS

Regardless of regular selling price or cost, they are going to march out now at ridiculous prices. Real winter weather is just commencing and these are all new this season's garments of the reliable "Redfern" make, right up to the minute in style.

1 Green Mix Cheviot $29.50 Coat, size 15
1 Green Velour $26.50 Coat size 18
1 Amethyst Velour $26.50 Coat, size 38
1 Green Cheviot $21.50 size 38
1 Brown Cheviott $21.50 Coat size 40
1 Black Plush $29.50 Coat size 40
1 Navy Cheviot $21.50 Coat size 42

CHOICE of the Seven ONLY **$15.75**

1 Amethyst Plush $45.00 Coat size 40.
1 Brown Velour $45.00 Coat size 42
1 Black Plush $47.50 Coat size 45

CHOICE of the three ONLY **$22.75**

MISSES' COATS

1 Brown Chase Plush $14.50 Coat size 12
1 Brown Mix Velvet Cord $11.00 Coat size 14.
1 Green Zibeline $ 14.50 Coat size 14
1 Brown Chase Plush $15.50 Coat size 15
1 Green Mix Cheviot $19.50 Coat size 15
1 Green Plaid $16.50 Coat size 16
1 Amethyst Plush $16.50 Coat size 14

CHOICE of the seven ONLY **$7.75**

CHILD'S COATS

1 Tan Plush $12.00 Coat size 9
1 Brown Chase Plush $9.00 Coat size 9
1 Black Chase Plush $11.50 Coat size 9
1 Tan Plush $12.00 Coat size 11

CHOICE of the four ONLY **$5.75**

LADIES' SUITS

1 Navy French Serge $36.50 Suit size 38
1 Navy French Serge $39.50 Suit size 38
1 Black Whip Cord $35.00 Suit size 45

CHOICE of the three ONLY **$21.75**

FINE FURS

1 Blue Opossum $11.50 Set
1 Natural Coon $12.50
1 River Mink $10.75
1 Natural Opossum $15.00 Round Muff
1 Natural Coon $10.50 Round Muff
1 Black Wolf $12.75 Round Muff
1 Natural Coon $10.75 Flat Muff
1 Black Pony $9.50 Flat Muff
1 Black Near-Seal $10.75 Collar
1 Imported Mink $13.75 Collar
1 Imported Mink $8.50 Collar

CHOICE of the eleven ONLY **$5.75**

To our customers and friends we wish prosperity the coming year

Practice thrift and saving

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.



SAY, you'll have a streak of smokeluck that'll put pep-in-*your*-smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or cigarette papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!



Copyright 1918 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe by its first name, *then,* to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco, Prince Albert!

Well, sir, you'll be so all-fired happy you'll want to get a photograph of yourself breezing up the pike with your smokethrottle wide open! *Talk-about smoke-sport!*

Quality makes Prince Albert so appealing all along the smoke line. Men who never before could smoke a pipe and men who've smoked pipes for years all testify to the delight it hands out! *P. A. can't bite or parch!* Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Right now while the going's good you get out your old jimmy pipe or the papers and land on some P. A. *for what ails your particular smokeappetite!*

You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HOW BRAVE SONS OF NEW ZEALAND HELPED MOTHER COUNTRY.

—War imposes many sacrifices upon a nation engaged in it, and civilian life necessarily is disturbed. The United States will have to share with other belligerents the inconvenience incident to the conflict. But if anyone is inclined to feel discontented, he *should take the trouble* to note what has been done by New Zealand since the beginning of hostilities. That dominion, though under no legal obligation to aid England, has raised an army of more than 100,000 men. Her population is 1,500,000.

Since New Zealand has had a compulsory service law, she has drafted a large number of married men, both with and without children. The dominion has raised $130,000,000 in domestic war loans. A finance act was recently adopted which empowers the government to levy on salaries amounting to more than $3,500 a year, and to take drastic and far-reaching measures in order to raise money. Maori tribes have uncomplainingly furnished large quotas of men to the army. The whole country, in short, was determined to help *vigorously to carry the war to* a successful finish.

Canada and Australia have been no less unselfish in supporting the war. The whole-hearted and entirely voluntary exertions of the British dominions furnish an inspiring example to the American people. When Canada, Australia, and New Zealand made such sacrifices for Great Britain, Americans might even more cheerfully endure hardships for their own country. When any "squalling" is heard, *it is not from our* brave young men or their families. It is from those who are horrified at the prospect of giving up a few luxuries.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

BOHEMIA HIVE OF INDUSTRY

Little Country, Now to Be Given Opportunity to Progress, Has Been Much Misunderstood.

Not one of the little countries which have come into being as independent states, or parts of new nations, since the triumph of the allies, is more often misunderstood in America than Bohemia has always been. The very name has implied, for many persons, the unconventional ways of artists, the gypsying of vagrants, and the impatience of restraint which is supposed to characterize countries remote from great centers of trade and industry and rather backward in their business interests.

But Bohemia is a wonderful hive of *hard-working and skilled artisans.* It is one of the most densely populated countries *in the world, exceeding, in* that respect, Germany, Austria-Hungary, as a whole or in either half of the old monarchy, and even Italy. The number of inhabitants, in proportion to the area, is 75 per cent greater than it is in France. Bohemia is almost exactly half as large as Ohio, but its population, nearly 7,000,000 at the beginning of the war, is about 35 per cent greater than that of this state.

There is no other division of Austria-Hungary, taking into the reckoning the *entire territory formerly* in that dual monarchy, which is equal to Bohemia in manufactures. It is a notable center of iron and steel production. Its textiles are an important factor in the trade of Europe, and its glassware, china, sugar, beer, chemicals, paper, tobacco, lace, toys and many other products of skill and patient labor are widely known. Necessarily, the commerce of so busy a *country is large and far-reaching.*

All that Bohemia needs is the opportunity which has come at last to prove the capacity of its people for great progress beyond the level they have already attained.

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 86J.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus

Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A *gift* for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.

Smethport, Pa.

MAKE YOUR OWN DIAGNOSIS

All One Needs to Determine Physical Condition Is to Test by Clinical Thermometer.

The best way of asking a friend how he is, is not to say flippantly: "How are you blowing?" or even "How's your liver?" but simply and sufficiently: "How's your temperature?" According to your temperature you are well or ill, alive or nearly dead. In fact, there are only ten degrees between blooming health and certain death, observes a writer in London Answers.

The temperature of the air has nothing to do with the temperature of the body, which is the temperature of the blood. The [illegible] in health sends the clinical thermometer to the [illegible] 98.4 degrees [illegible]. The temperature of the [illegible] varies [illegible] 10 degrees [illegible] but if the temperature of the body goes up two degrees, you are ill; four degrees, you are very ill; six degrees, and the doctor is very anxious; eight degrees, and you are at death's door.

Anybody can take a temperature, even his own. It is a great safeguard to possess and use a clinical thermometer. Ninety-eight degrees, all right; 100 degrees, stay at home; 101 degrees, go to bed; 102 degrees, send for the doctor. Anything higher than that is a doctor's job.

The Economy General.

Gen. Sir Henry Horne, "the man who took Douai," has been called the economy general through skillful manipulation of men and his small casualty list. His name will be handed down to posterity as the man who invented the "creeping barrage" system, which came into universal use on the battlefield. With the assistance of this barrage, he captured Fricourt, Mametz *and Douai, gaining maximum results* at minimum cost. His losses in men and material on each occasion were very light.

General Horne belongs to the Old Contemptibles, and he saw service also in the South African war. His proudest moment during that campaign was when General Cronje surrendered to him.

Having bought the

GROCERY BUSINESS

of George M. [illegible]

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, PA.

PLAN LEAGUE OF VETERANS

How Soldiers in Great War Hope to Perfect an Organization of All Arms.

A movement seeking to bring under one great organization the rank and file of the [illegible] of the nations allied against the central powers has been started in Boston after the name of the Legion of Allied Veterans of the Great War. The organization has a charter from the state of Massachusetts, and has established headquarters in Boston, with Sergt. H. E. Pheffrey, late of the Canadian expeditionary forces, as legion commander.

According to Sergeant Pheffrey, the object of the organization closely resembles that of the Grand Army of the Republic, which brought together the veterans of the armies of the United States at the close of the Civil war and which still continues. It is the desire of the leaders of the legion to promote good fellowship, fraternity *and mutual* welfare, and to assist those veterans in need of aid. It is declared *that* the legion is without political aspirations or propaganda, and that it has the indorsement of officers of the army and navy of the United States. Similar support is expected to be received from officials of other allied nations.

Why Mangin Called a Halt.

Soldiers have no illusions. They believe in blunt facts, and General Mangin is no exception to the rule. A story is told of him by an artist from the Latin quarter of Paris.

The artist was commissioned to paint the general's portrait, and, as there was no other place available, he visited the general in his dugout for the first sitting.

After he had sketched in a rough, bold outline of Mangin's severe, square features, he was asked by his sitter to hand over the sketch before proceeding.

"Ah, that's perfect," said General Mangin, "perfect! Don't touch it again. If you do, you'll flatter me!"

To Ward Off Frosts.

Dr. C. G. Abbott of the Smithsonian institution suggested that if it were possible to charge the lower air above citrus fruit orchards with a heavy dose of ozone [illegible] of [illegible] reduction might [illegible] of destructive frosts. While the amount of ozone in the lower layers of the earth's atmosphere is now known to be [illegible] this [illegible] role in [illegible] temperatures by its absorption of radiation.

The Succulent Pieplant.

The pieplant has a recorded history of over four centuries. It was first cultivated in the white-walled gardens of Morocco and Algiers, amid fruit, and flowers and fountains and was brought thence by the Moors to Spain. Not until 200 years later did rhubarb really become known to English gardens, whence in due time it was brought to those of America to be employed first as a tincture, then as a sauce and to attain a final apotheosis in pie.

Appealed to Novelists.

Fully a score of novels have been written round the case *of Lesurques,* who was wrongfully executed in France for the robbery of the Lyons mail and the murder of the courier; the real criminal was one named Dubosq, to whom Lesurques bore a striking resemblance. The crime also formed the subject of several stage dramas; in one of them Sir Henry Irving scored a success in the dual part of Lesurques-Dubosq.

Norwegian Wedding Festivities.

A Norwegian wedding is a delightful spectacle. The picturesque Norwegian national costume is worn, and the wedding party walks or drives in procession to the church. After the ceremony there is a dance on the village green, with a violin for accompaniment, till it is time for supper. *The next day the festivities are resumed and possibly they may extend to the day after.*

Largest Volcano.

The largest volcanic crater in the world is that of Haleakala in Hawaii. It is 20 miles across and, in places, 2,000 feet deep. New York city could be dropped into the crater with all its skyscrapers intact, and it would be completely hidden from any person beyond the rim of the crater.—People's *Home Journal.*

Origin of Lace Making.

The origin of lace making is so far lost in the dark ages that it is impossible to know in which country the process began. It is certain, however, that the Italians were making *most elaborate and beautiful laces* soon after America was discovered.

An Obstacle.

For most people an obstacle is something in the way to stop going on, but for General Armstrong it merely meant something to climb over, and *if he could not climb all the way over* he would get up as high as possible and then crow!—General Marshal.

Report of the Condition of

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY,

located at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., at the close of business December 31, 1918.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, specie and notes	$[illegible]	
Due from approved reserve agents	[illegible]	
Legal reserve securities at par	[illegible]	$155,[illegible].39
Nickels and cents		[illegible]
Checks and cash items		[illegible]
Due from banks and trust cos. not reserve		71,173.47
Commercial paper purchased: [illegible]		[illegible],849.22
Commercial paper purchased: Upon two or more names		[illegible],224.29
Time loans with collateral		145,310.22
Call loans with collateral		145,510.47
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		77,521.12
Bonds, stocks, etc.		306,555.83
Mortgages and judgments of record		54,183.65
Office building [illegible]		17,500.00
Furniture [illegible]		2,500.00
Overdrafts		264.57
Book value [illegible] above par		751.05
Other assets [illegible] above		1,000.00
Total		$1,443,243.52

Liabilities.

Capital stock		$200,000.00
Surplus fund		200,000.00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid		13,981.22
DEMAND DEPOSITS: (Exclusive of trust funds		
Deposits subject to check	$530,810.02	
Deposits, U. S. Postal savings	272.46	
Certified checks	3,079.35	
Treasurer's checks, outstanding	1,111.15	535,272.98
TIME DEPOSITS: (exclusive of trust funds		
Time certificates of deposit	$314,851.34	
Savings fund deposits	169,137.98	483,989.32
Dividends unpaid		10,000.00
Total		$1,443,243.52

Corporate Trusts

Total amount, i. e., face value, of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts	$50,000.00

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signed, RALPH E. BURRICK,

Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1919.

Signed, HALLIE A. WALKER,

Notarial Seal Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

Signed, HENRY HAMLIN,

" ORLO J. HAMLIN,

" GUY McCOY,

Directors

Gave Value to Rubber.

Vulcanized rubber—and all rubber articles are now vulcanized—was first made at Woburn, Mass., by Charles Goodyear about 1844. He obtained his first patent in that year, after he had spent years in experimenting and had reduced his family to extreme poverty. Before 1844 rubber had been used for various purposes as a soft, sticky gum, but was of comparatively little value.

Spanish-American War.

Spain declared war against the the United States April 24, 1898. The first American army of invasion of Cuba, under General Shafter, sailed from Tampa, Fla., June 14, and landed at *Santiago, Cuba, June 23.* The battle between the "Rough Riders" and the Spanish forces occurred on June 24, the battle of El Caney on July 1 and the surrender of Santiago on July 16.

Paid for Listening.

For 123 years a sermon has been preached in Hendon (Eng.) parish church on the text, "Human life is a bubble." Richard Johnson, who died in 1705, left the masters and wardens *of the Stationers' company trustees of* his estate, and out of the interest the vicar of Hendon was to receive one guinea for preaching this sermon, and two wardens of the company *a* guinea each for listening to it.

Perfect Engineering Feat.

At Omaha, Neb., a brick chimney 202 feet high and weighing 237 tons was made to fall exactly where the engineer who performed the feat wanted it to fall, between two *buildings,* without marring either one of them. The bricks on one side of the base of the chimney were removed and replaced with hardwood timbers, which were burned.

How "Silent Drill" Is Done.

The battalion drill is, of course, the great display feature at the United States disciplinary barracks at Fort *Leavenworth.* When a *prisoner* is promoted to membership in the battalion he discards the numbered prison uniform for one which is hardly distinguishable from that of a regular soldier. Members of the "honor committee," which is self-governing, wear special stars on their breast. They drill in a field near the prison. One of their impressive stunts is the "silent drill," which includes marching and rapid *manual at arms without spoken* commands.—Red Cross Magazine.

Why Compass Is Well Protected.

One of the safest places in the war airplane is given to the compass, for without its aid the airman who is flying overseas or land on a misty day is hopelessly lost. Great attention is paid by American pilots training in England to the problem presented by "drift." If an airplane starts to fly from one point to another due east, and there is a wind blowing 15 miles an hour northeast, he must take that element into consideration by *altering* his compass course, before ascending, according to the total *distance* of the journey.

May Throw Light on History.

A number of archeologists from the Tokyo Imperial university and elsewhere are making excavations in the compound of the Hakusan shrine, Toyama prefecture, said to be a most valuable *storehouse* of *material for* historical study. Doctor Shibata of the Tokyo university is quoted as saying: "We may discover some clues as to whether our forefathers came from Corea or from Saghalien." At the place mentioned a number of bones of women and children are being unearthed.

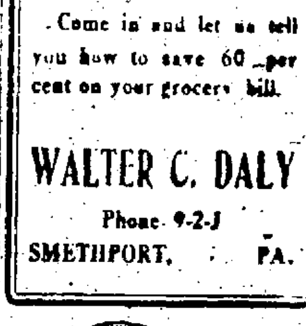
Clemenceau, Playwright.

Like many another Parisian of politics, Monsieur Clemenceau is interested in the finer things of theater and, like Waldeck-Rousseau before *him, assiduously frequents it even* though he happens to be prime minister of France. In his years of leisure he has dabbled also in the writing of plays and two of his pieces, "Les Requins" and "Le Voile du Bonheur," have found place on the stage.—Boston Transcript.

Held at a Distance.

"Father," said the ex-crown prince, "why do you keep the title 'count?'"

"As a sort of compromise. I feel *that very few people are going to like* me well enough to want to call me by my first name!"—Boston Evening Transcript.



Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work *around factories and on oil and gas* leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S

Bakery



Keeping Warm With Less Coal

That is what everybody wants to do this winter. And it is exactly what *you* can do if you have a Perfection Oil Heater. With this additional heat you will be comfortable all winter and burn from one to three tons of coal less than before.

Perfections are *safe* and they burn an economical fuel—kerosene. However, be sure *you* use

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

instead of some unknown, unbranded kerosene. Use it in your Perfection, your lamps and lanterns. Ask for it by name and be sure to get the genuine. Highly refined and purified, it burns without smoke, smell or charring the wicks.

Get your Perfection Oil Heater *now*. There *is going to be a big demand for them this year.* They are reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware



Rayo Lamps

For perfect results, always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer.



Rayo Lanterns

Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer.

Don't trifle with a cold—it's dangerous.

You can't afford to risk Influenza.

Keep always at hand a box of

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Toad's Good Service.

The toad is useful because of its diet. No less than 88 specimens of insects, mostly injurious, have been proved to enter into its dietary. George W. Hunter says: A toad has been observed to snap up 128 flies in half an hour. Thus at a low estimate it could easily destroy 3,000 insects during a day and do an immense service to the garden during the summer. It has been estimated that a single toad may, on account of the cutworms which it kills, be worth $19.88 each season that it lives.

Aleppo an Ancient City.

In the center of the older section of Aleppo stands the ancient citadel, a deep moat encircling it. The great mosque is on the site of the tomb of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist. If alleged Egyptian monuments can be accepted as an authority, the first settlement dates back close to 2,000 years B. C. The city at one time had a trade connection with Venice, as well as with Bagdad, and its name and importance became famed throughout Christendom.

Presidential Succession.

The law of the presidential succession, passed in 1886, expressly states that in case of the death of both president and vice president the succession shall go to the members of the cabinet, beginning with the secretary of state, but only "such as are eligible to the office of president under the Constitution." If the secretary of state was foreign born, therefore, the succession would pass over him and go to the secretary of the treasury.

Life of Fruit Trees.

Of our fruit trees, the pear is the longest lived. They will bear for 50 years [illegible] Apple trees [illegible] twenty five to forty years, while [illegible] years is about [illegible] Raspberry and blackberry bushes live from six to fourteen years, currant bushes twenty years and gooseberry bushes ten years.—People's Home Journal.

Wealth of Africa.

The wealth of the resources of Africa is thought equal to any two of the other continents of the world. For instance she has "800,000 square miles of coal fields, 95,000,000 acres of fertile farm lands, iron ore equal to five times the output of North America, 90 per cent of the world's diamonds, $10,000,000 worth of rubber each year, and uncounted millions in ivory, nuts and oil, copper and gold."

Copied From Nature.

Ideas for the colors in the best Scotch tweeds are found in the hills of the river Garry, in the Pass of Killiecrankie. Granite, porphyry and jasper are found there in rich reds, grays and greens, beautifully mottled and mixed in finely contrasted colors. The first order of tweeds sent to London in bulk was six pieces of black and white check made in Peebles.

No Return.

We cannot go back. The old places are not the same if we revisit them, the old pleasures have lost something if we try to repeat them, the old groups can never be regathered in completeness of presence and spirit. Life is a kaleidoscope. It holds many beautiful combinations, but when we have turned one out of sight, no effort will bring it back again.

Suffering Transmuted.

Unhappiness is the hunger to get; happiness is the hunger to give. True happiness must ever have the tinge of sorrow outlived, the sense of pain softened by the mellowing years, the chastening of loss that in the wondrous mystery of time transmutes our suffering into love and sympathy with others.—William George Jordan.

Spikenard.

Spikenard, or nard, mentioned by St. John 12, 9, and St. Mark 14, 3, was a highly aromatic plant growing largely in the Indies. From this plant was made the valuable extract or unguent or favorite perfume used at ancient baths and feasts.

Stinging Criticism.

Said the facetious feller, "These old time school teachers may have had some funny ideas about teachin', but you gotta give 'em credit for knowin' that a good substantial ruler, when rightly applied to a stupid student would make him smart."

Advertise in the MINER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Scrap Book

PUT GUARD AT HIS EASE

German Prisoner Disposed to Make Things Easy as Possible for the Soldier in Charge.

German prisoners behind the lines are employed on various fatigues, and after a time get so used to their jobs that it is part of their daily routine. They work in parties and are always accompanied by an armed guard.



At a certain camp a new guard had been put on, and a particularly young and delicate-looking Tommy was detailed as guard for a small party. As he was fresh to the job, he looked rather bewildered when he received his orders.

Noticing this, the burliest of his Boche charges—who could speak English—said in a rather sympathetic voice:

"All right, sonny, you slope arms and *follow* me; I'll *look* after you!"

Another "Flu" Preventive.

Here is a tip on how to keep the "fluey" from attacking you, which is vouched for by the man who furnishes the information: "Several years ago, during an epidemic of grip in Massachusetts," he said, while discussing the disease, "an eminent Boston physician, at that time, during an epidemic of the grip, published an article stating that he had observed that those who were working in match factories, where sulphur was used, never contracted malaria, yellow fever, nor grip. Consequently he advised that a small amount of sulphur be put in the shoes daily, the absorption of which would be preventive of the grip. "Nurses and members of my family who have followed this advice have been immune from grip in the past and thus escaped the epidemic now prevalent."

BEFORE AND AFTER WAR.

He was society's lily pet,
Some parlor doll [illegible]
That flirted around with the uppish set;
Now we're tentmates, him and me.
I was a [illegible] clerk before [illegible]
My [illegible] with the infantry;
But [illegible] need a visitin' card for war
In the [illegible] and the land of the [illegible]

He [illegible] for [illegible]
[illegible] few [illegible]
We [illegible] and [illegible]
We [illegible] different ways
[illegible] for [illegible] miles
[illegible]
Just leveled us stiff, and it counted piles
For the makin' of true democracy.

So us two guys are comrades now;
I swear at him and he swears at me;
We're gettin' fit for the little row
That's goin' on across the sea.
Uncle Sam drew lots and picked us two,
And he ain't so very partic'l when
There's a lot o' work for all to do
And a dearth of a famine in fighting men.

He was society's lily pet,
But now we bunk in the same tepee
He used to dance with the gilded set;
Now it's drill and beans for him and me.
He don't give a darn what I was before,
And I don't give a whoop what he used to be;
All that we know is we're in a war
Hittin' it up for democracy.
—Elias Lieberman in Everybody's.

Walk Over Time.

Daily thousands of persons in the financial district leave their footprints, not on the sands, but on the face of time. Inserted in the sidewalk at the northeast corner of Broadway and Maiden lane is a piece of heavy glass about a foot wide by 18 inches long. It is faintly illuminated, showing a clock dial. Every day an average of 10,000 persons pass over it, yet not more than one in ten has ever noticed it. Probably no clock in the world is so roughly treated and receives so little attention.—New York Tribune.

Plenty of Salmon.

American soldiers and sailors will consume between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 cases of sockeye salmon next winter, according to government estimates. As a result, the entire pack of this summer has been commandeered by E. B. Deming, chief of the salmon branch of the food administration. The government also will require 75 per cent of the pink salmon pack of Puget sound, according to Deming.

Civic Precaution.

"Are you doing anything to make Crimson Gulch a greater and better community?"

"You bet we are," answered Three-Finger Sam. "We are buying all the Liberty bonds we can carry so as to make sure the Hun will never exercise any influence in our affairs, whatsoever."

Practical Comparison.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic about defending your leave to print privilege."

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I discovered long ago that two paragraphs in the papers out home were worth more than half a dozen pages in the Congressional Record."

Military Mirth.

First War Map Gazer—An' they say this here Metz is Germany's key to France.

Second Ditto—Humph! Looks to me like it will be the key that's going to lock her out of it.

CHARTER No. 8301. Reserve District No. 3.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON DECEMBER 31st, 1918.

Resources.

1 a Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, (excepting those shown in b and c	334,880.13	
Total loans	334,880.13	
f Foreign Bills of Exchange or Drafts sold with indorsement of this bank, not shown under item d above (see item 57c)		334,880.13
2 Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured, 10.1608		10.1608
a U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00	
g Premiums on U. S. bonds		100,000.00
a Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, unpledged	88,150.00	
d Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	2,000.00	
e Payments actually made on Liberty 4¼ bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan owned		90,150.00
b Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledge to secure postal savings deposits	2,000.00	
e Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	58,043.12	
f Collateral Trust and other notes of corporations issued for not less than ONE YEAR nor more than THREE YEARS' time	13,776.88	
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		73,820.00
9 Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)		3,900.00
10 a Value of banking house	20,000.00	
b Equity in banking house		20,000.00
11 Furniture and fixtures		7,200.00
13 Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		31,518.58
15 Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		50,667.90
17 Exchanges for clearing house		
18 Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)		336.16
Total of items 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18	51,004.06	
19 Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items		52.00
20 Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
Interest earned but not collected—approximate on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due		2,496.04
Total		720,313.85

Liabilities.

24 Capital stock paid in		100,000.00
25 Surplus fund		30,000.00
26 a. Undivided profits	12,284.35	
b. Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	8,925.94	3,357.60
Interest and discount collected or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)		1,330.34
30 Circulating notes outstanding		100,000.00
34 Individual deposits subject to check		169,322.43
35 Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 Days (other than for money borrowed)		126,001.44
36 Certified checks		
37 Cashiers checks outstanding		488.90
40 Dividends unpaid		39.30
41 Other demand deposits		35,458.00
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41	331,338.93	
44 Postal savings deposits		511.44
45 Other time deposits		150,542.60
Total of time deposits subject to Reserve, Items 42, 43, 44, and 45	151,054.04	
War savings certificates and thrift stamp deposit account	693.72	
Other United States deposits, including deposits of U. S. disbursing officers		693.72
Total		720,313.85

State of Pennsylvania,
County of McKean, ss:—

I, E. E. Drake, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. E. DRAKE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me [illegible]
F. B. MAYO,
Notary Public.
My commission expires [illegible]

CORRECT ATTEST:
F. L. HOLMES,
GUY B. MAYO,
H. W. RUBIN,
Directors.

See McKean County Miner's BIG SUBSCRIPTION OFFER



You Get ALL FOUR of These

MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER

For One Year Each FOR **$2.55** *Order Now*

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

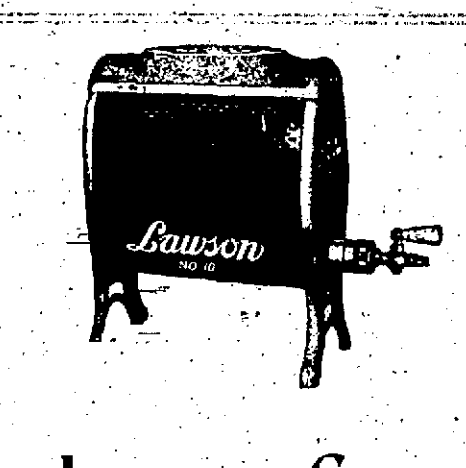
Confidence

YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertakin. DETERMIOATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank accouut to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.



Lawson Gem Odorless

The Lawson Gem is constructed entirely of cast-iron with perforated shield or jacket. The interior is a perforated cast-iron cone. This form a combustion chamber in which the gas (burning under a high temperature) is thoroughly consumed.

Within this chamber at its open or lower part is the burner. This is specially constructed, producing proper combustion of the gas, extracting all the heat without waste, and absolutely no odor. There are hundreds of them in use here, ask your neighbor.

CHAS. W. MASSER'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Eugene McCarthy of Cumberland, Md., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Cal. McCarthy of 112 Forest avenue.

—The influenza ban was removed from East Smethport students who attend the borough high school Monday.

—Rev. A. G. Lawton of Angelica, N. Y. will conduct services at the Baptist church next Sunday, morning and evening. A full attendance is desired as Rev. Mr. Lawton is a candidate for pastor of the church.

—Because his brother, Ernst E. Nyberg a soldier, died of influenza, Charles M. Nyberg committed suicide last Wednesday by drowning in a pond about one mile from his home. He made two unsuccessful attempts to poison himself prior to Wednesday.

NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Change of Name of Gale Harling Oxley.

Decree of Court.

Now, to-wit, December 12, 1918, the petition of Gale Harling Oxley, a resident of McKean County, having been presented to this Court more than three months prior hereto, to-wit, September 6, 1918, praying this Court to make a decree changing his name as above to Gale Oxley Matson.

It is hereby ordered and decreed that the prayer of said petition is hereby granted and the petitioner shall henceforth take the name and be known as Gale Oxley Matson.

Notice of this decree to be published in the McKean County Miner for four successive weeks as provided by the Act of April 9, 1852, P. L. 301.

(Signed) J. W. HOUTON, P. J.

Jones & Wick,
Attorneys for Petitioner. adv1w3

Every Article In Our Store Has Been Reduced. Don't Forget This.

Masser Brothers Co.
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Special Lots of Merchandise at Special Prices. Look For These Lots on Display.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

While our stocks hold out they will go at the following big cuts.

Every article is a bargain before we put the knife to it but regardless of this we are making a bigger cut for this event.

7 days Jan. 18 to 25th All Sale prices strictly cash.

Women's Winter Coats and Suits

WOMEN'S COATS

$31.50 Gray Broad Cloth, Size 40, ... $26.50.
36.00 Purple Melton, size 30, ... 24.50.
30.50 Black Plush, size 38, ... 20.50.
16.50 Black Velvet, size 38, ... 12.05.
10.50 Green Velvet, size 38, ... 12.05.
27.50 Blue Melton, size 40, ... 10.50.
27.50 Green Melton, size 40, ... 19.50.
25.00 Gray Wool, size 42, ... 16.50.
24.00 Blue Coating, size 38, ... 16.50.
17.50 Black Worsted, size 40, ... 11.50.
26.50 Brown Cylinder Cloth, size 40, ... 17.50.

SHOES
10% off.
Boys' Shoes the very best that money can buy, 10% off.
1 Lot Women's Shoes 25% off.

HOUSE SLIPPERS
Men's, Women's and Children's
15% off.
10% off on Every Shoe in our Store.
Come early in the morning and be well satisfied.

CHILDREN'S
$7.00 Blue Velvet, size 6 yer, ... a.. $5.00.
5.75 Heavy Coating, size 6 year, ... 3.95.
10.75 Gray Zibaline, size 14 year ..... 7.50.
1 Lot Women's Coats, ... 1.98.
1 Lot Women's Coats, ... $5.00
1 Lot Coats ..... $9.95.
1 Shepards Check, size 16, $27.50, for $9.95.
1 Blue Worsted size 36, $28.00 for ..... $9.95.
Fancy Blue Cloth size 30, $24.00, for ..... $9.95.
ALL SKIRTS, 25% OFF.

HOUSE DRESSSES
20% OFF.

FURS
Some lots at less than half price

WOMEN'S DOVE BRAND UNDERWEAR
Beautiful Crepe de Cheir and Batiste, all hand embroidered and lace trimmed.
Bloomers, Camisoles, Gowns, Combination Suits
20 % LESS.

MEN'S WINTER UNDERWEAR
$2.50 value, Gray and Cream Fleeced Cotton Union Suits ..... $1.75.
Men's 2 piece, Haines, fleeced underwear, a limited amount to sell at 89 cents, regular $1.25 value.
A few odd Wool Union Suits at $3.00, $3.50 and 3.75, worth twice as much, anywhere.

CHILDREN'S SWEATERS

$4.00 Wool for	$2.95.
3.00 Wool for	2.45.
1.50 Sweaters for	1.19.
1.25 Sweaters for	1.00

CORSETS
20% Off.

HOSIERY
Men's Wool Sox, heavy Gray $1.50 $1.39 pr.
Heavy Gray $1.25 for $1.00 pair
Med. weight, black Wool Sox, 49 cents pair
1 Lot Cotton Hose 21c. a pair.
All Men's 50c. Value Hose, Blue, Gray, Tan & Black
Special, ... 35c. pair.

LADIES' HOSE
20% off on all Silk Hose.
Special Prices on Special Lots.
One Lot Children's 25c. Value 19c.

MEN'S SWEATERS

$7.50 Wool, sell for	$5.95.
5.50 Wool, sell for	4.75.
5.50 Wool, sell for	3.75.
3.98 Wool sell for	2.50.
4.00 Sweaters, for	2.95.

WOMEN'S SWEATERS

$7.98 for	$6.50.
6.50 for	4.95.
5.08 for	3.98.
5.75 for	3.95.

All Linens
20½ off.
Table Linen, Towelings.

APRONS
20% OFF

NOTIONS
Knitting Needles, all kinds 25c. for 20.
3300 Boxes R. M. C. & C. M. C. $1.00 per box.

35c. Writing Paper	28c.
50c. Writing Paper,	40c.
75c. Writing Paper	60c.
25c. Tooth Paste	20c.
25c. Colgate's Talcum	18c.
25c. Tooth Brushes,	20c.
50c. Colgate's Perfume	39c.
75c. Colgate's Perfume	65c.
$1.50 Colgate's Perfume	$1.19.
10c Colgate's Perfume	98c
50c. Colgate's Face Powder	40c.
75c. Derjer Kiss Face Powder	69c.
15c. Palm Olive Soap 2 for	25c.
10c. Colgate's Bath 2 for	16c.
10c. Cashmere Bouq't 2 for	16c.
06c. Coats' Thread	05c.

MUSLINS

35c. Bleached	29c.
80c. 9-4 Sheeting	70c.
42 in. Tubing for	45c.
45 in. Tubing for	50c.
32c. Brown for	28c.
35c. Brown for	29c.

$1.75, $2.00 & $2.50
Men's Outing Pajamas and Gowns 20% off.

BOY'S SHIRTS
OUTING FLANNEL

$1.25 Value	98c.
Wool Shirts, extra value size 13 and 13 1-2 only	98c.

Boy's Pants, 20% OFF.

75c. Percale for	65c.
75c. Summer Suit	65c.
$2.25 Boy's Suits	$1.95.
2.00 Boy's Suits	1.75.

GLOVES and MITTENS
20% off
Ladies' Kid,
Ladies' Cape,
Ladies' Cloth Gloves,
Children's Wool
Men's Cape, 20% off.
1 Lot of Ladies' and Men's Kid Gloves, 50c.
1 Lot Women's Cloth Gloves 15 cents. pr.

BLANKETS

$2.60 worth 3.00 for	$2.39
2.75, Cotton for	2.45.
3.15 Cotton for	2.75.
3.50 Cotton for	2.95.
4.00 for	3.25.
4.50 for	3.60.
5.00 for	4.19.
6.25 for	5.15.

These are real values, as second qualities cost as much now.

DRESS GINGHAMS
Bates and Toiles
28c. yd.

APRON GINGHAMS
24c. yd.
Best Lancaster Ginghams

1921 Outing
Can You Beat It?
35c. yd.
This is some value.

All Silks, 20% off.
Laces and Embroideries 20% off.
1 Lot at 1-2 price.

RUGS
20% on all Rugs.
1 Lot Felt Base Linoleum .... 75c. yd.
5 pcs. Congoleum 1.00 for 90c.
6 pieces Burlap Back Linoleum $1.50 yd. for $1.39 yd.
4 pieces Burlap Back Linoleum $1.29 yd.
Wool Filler 49c. yd.
$2.00 Velvet Stair Carpet $1.80
$1.50 Tapestra Stair Carpet $1.25.
All Crex Rugs 10% off. Last Year's Price.
Over 50 rugs to select from.
Congoleum Rugs, 9x12 for $16.50.

Masser Brothers Co.
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149